THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly Magazine
Founded Aº Dº 1728 *by* Benj. Franklin

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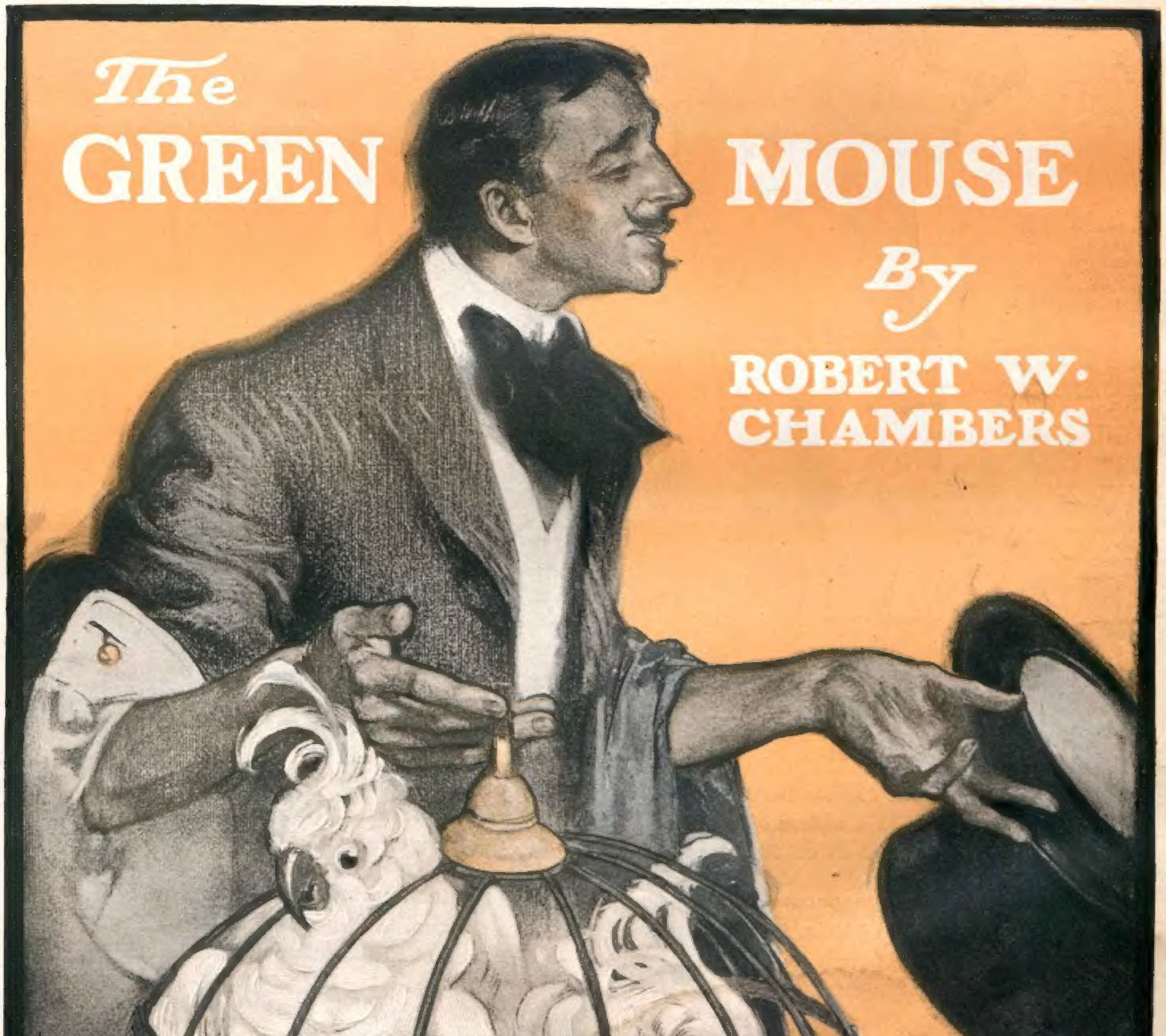
The GREEN MOUSE
By
ROBERT W. CHAMBERS
KARL ANDERSON

DRAWN BY KARL ANDERSON

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, PHILADELPHIA

TIMES and clothes have changed and so have soda crackers. And yet a few people, as a matter of habit, still buy soda crackers in paper bags, which in their way are as old-fashioned as the clothes of our ancestors.

Progressive people—thinking people—have with their manner of dress, changed their methods of living. Instead of buying food in *the open,* they prefer that which has been protected from dust and other things neither pleasant to the palate nor wholesome for the body.

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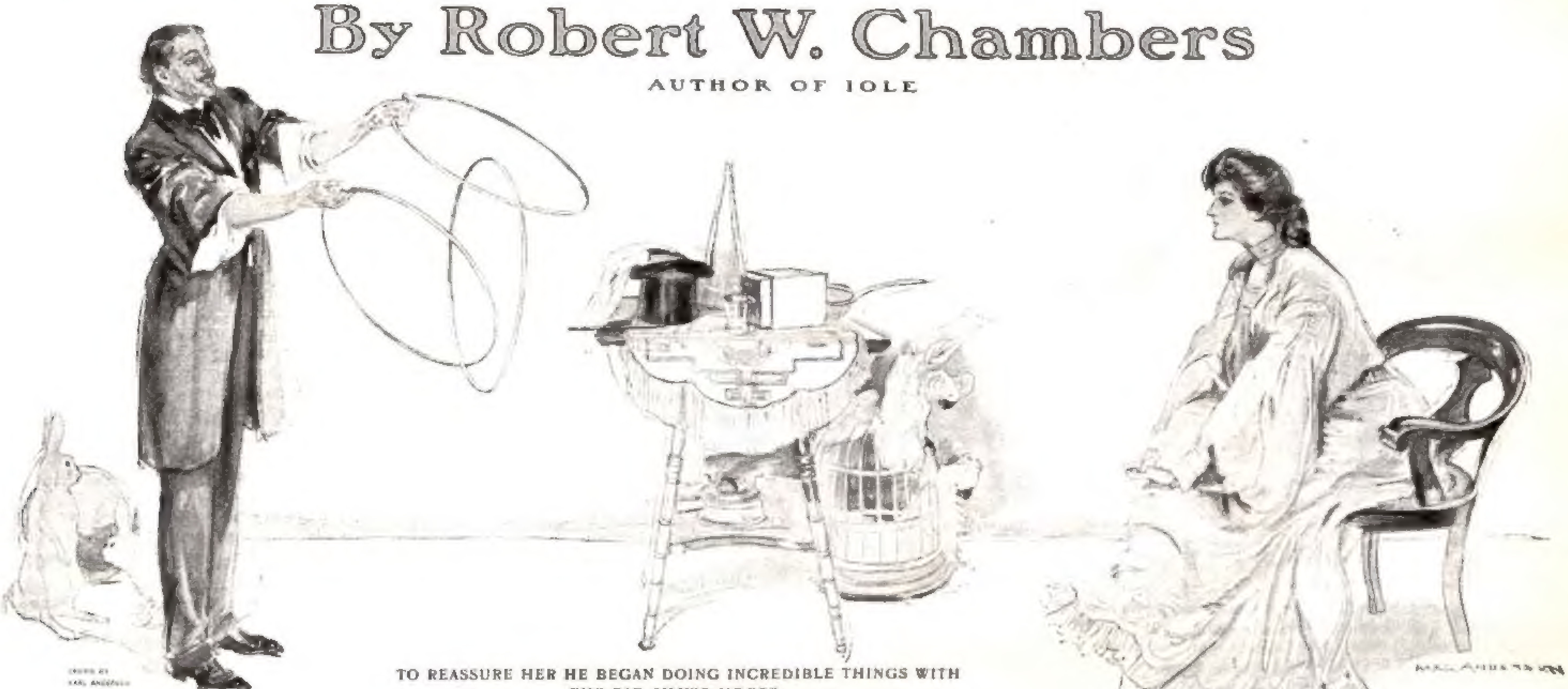
THE GREEN MOUSE

By Robert W. Chambers

AUTHOR OF IOLE



TO REASSURE HER HE BEGAN DOING INCREDIBLE THINGS WITH THE BIG SILVER HOOPS

UTTERLY unequipped for anything except to ornament his environment, the crash in Steel stunned him. Dazed but polite, he remained a passive observer of the sale which followed and which apparently realized sufficient to satisfy every creditor, but not enough for an income to continue the harmlessly idle career which he had supposed was to continue indefinitely.

He had never earned a penny; he had not the vaguest idea of how people made money. To do something, however, was absolutely necessary.

He wasted some time in finding out just how much aid he might expect from his late father's friends, but when he understood the attitude of society toward a knocked-out gentleman he wisely ceased to annoy society, and turned to the business world.

Here he wasted some more time. Perhaps the time was not absolutely wasted, for during that period he learned that he could use nobody who could not use him; and as he appeared to be perfectly useless, except for ornament, and as a business house is not a kindergarten, and furthermore, as he had neither time nor money to attend any school where anybody could teach him anything, it occurred to him to take a day off for minute and thorough self-examination concerning his qualifications and even his right to occupy a few feet of space upon the earth's surface.

Four years at Harvard, two more in post-graduate courses, two more in Europe to perfect himself in languages, and a year at home had left him pitifully unfit for wage-earning.

There remained his accomplishments; but the market was overstocked with bridge-instructors and tutors in assorted time-killers.

His last asset was a trivial though unusual talent — a natural manual dexterity cultivated since childhood to amuse himself or anybody present — something he never took seriously. This, and a curious control over animals, had, as the pleasant years flowed by, become an astonishing skill which was much more than sleight-of-hand; and he, always as good-humored as well-bred, had never refused to amuse the frivolous, of which he was also one, by picking silver dollars out of space and causing the proper card to fall fluttering from the ceiling.

Day by day, as the little money left him melted away, he continued his vigorous mental examination, until the alarming shrinkage in his funds left him staring fixedly at his last asset. Could he use it? Was it an asset, after all? How clever was he? Could he face an audience and perform the usual magician tricks without bungling? A slip by a careless, laughing, fashionable young amateur amusing his social equals at a house-party is excusable; a bungle by a hired professional meant an end to hope in that direction.

So he hired a suite of two rooms on Central Park West, furnished them with what remained from better days, bought the necessary paraphernalia of his profession, and immured himself for practice before entering upon his contemplated invasion of Newport, Lenox and Bar Harbor. And one very lovely afternoon in May, when the Park from his windows looked like a green forest, and puff on puff of perfumed air fluttered the curtains at his opened windows, he picked up his gloves and stick, put on his hat and went out to walk in the Park; and when he had walked sufficiently he sat down on a bench in a flowery, bushy nook on the edge of a bridle-path.

Few people disturbed the leafy privacy; a policeman sauntering southward noted him, perhaps for future identification. The spectacle of a well-built, well-groomed and fashionable young man sitting moodily upon a park bench was certainly to be noted, for it is not the fashion for fashionable people to sit on park benches unless they contemplate self as well as social destruction.

So the policeman lingered for a while in the vicinity; but not hearing any revolver shot, presently sauntered on, buckskinned fist clasped behind his broad back, squinting at a distant social gathering composed entirely of the most exclusive nursemaids.

The young man looked up into the pleasant blue above, then his preoccupied gaze wandered from woodland to thicket, where the scarlet glow of Japanese quince mocked the colors of the fluttering scarlet tanagers; where orange-tinted orioles flashed amid tangles of golden Forsythia; and past the shrubbery to an azure corner of water, shimmering under the wooded slope below.

That sense of languor and unrest, of despondency threaded by hope which fair skies and sunshine and new leaves bring with the young year to the young, he felt. Yet there was no bitterness in his brooding, for he was a singularly generous young man, and there was no vindictiveness mixed with the memories of his failures among those whose cordial respect for his father had been balanced between that blameless gentleman's wealth and position.

A gray squirrel came crawling and nosing through the fresh grass; he caught its eyes, and, though the little animal was plainly bound elsewhere on important business, the young man soon had it curled up on his knee, asleep.

For a while he amused himself by using his curious power, alternately waking the squirrel and allowing it to bound off, tail twitching, and then calling it back, slowly but inexorably, to climb his trousers and curl up on his knee and sleep an uncanny and deep sleep which might end only at the young man's pleasure.

He, too, began to feel the subtle stillness of the drowsing woodland; musing there, caressing his short, crisp mustache, he watched the purple grackle walking about in iridescent solitude, the sun spots waning and glowing on the grass; he heard the soft, garrulous whimper of waterfowl along the water's edge, the stir of leaves above.

He thought of various personal matters: his poverty, the low ebb of his balance at the bank, his present profession, his approaching début as an entertainer, the chances of his failure. He thought, too, of the astounding change in his life, the future, vacant of promise, devoid of meaning, a future so utterly new and blank that he could find in it nothing to speculate upon. He thought also, and perfectly impersonally, of a girl whom he had met now and then upon the stairs of the apartment house which he now inhabited.

Evidently there had been an ebb in her prosperity; the tumble of a New Yorker's fortune leads from the Avenue to the Eighty's, from thence to Morristown, Staten Island and the West Side. Besides, she painted pictures; he knew the aroma of fixitive, siccative and burnt sienna; and her studio adjoined his sky drawing-room.

He thought of this girl quite impersonally; she resembled a youthful beauty he had known — might still know if he chose; for a man who can pay for his evening clothes need never deny himself the society he was bred to.

She certainly did resemble that girl — she had the same bluish violet eyes, the same white and deeply-fringed lids, the same free grace of carriage, a trifle too boyish at times—the same firmly rounded, yet slender, figure.

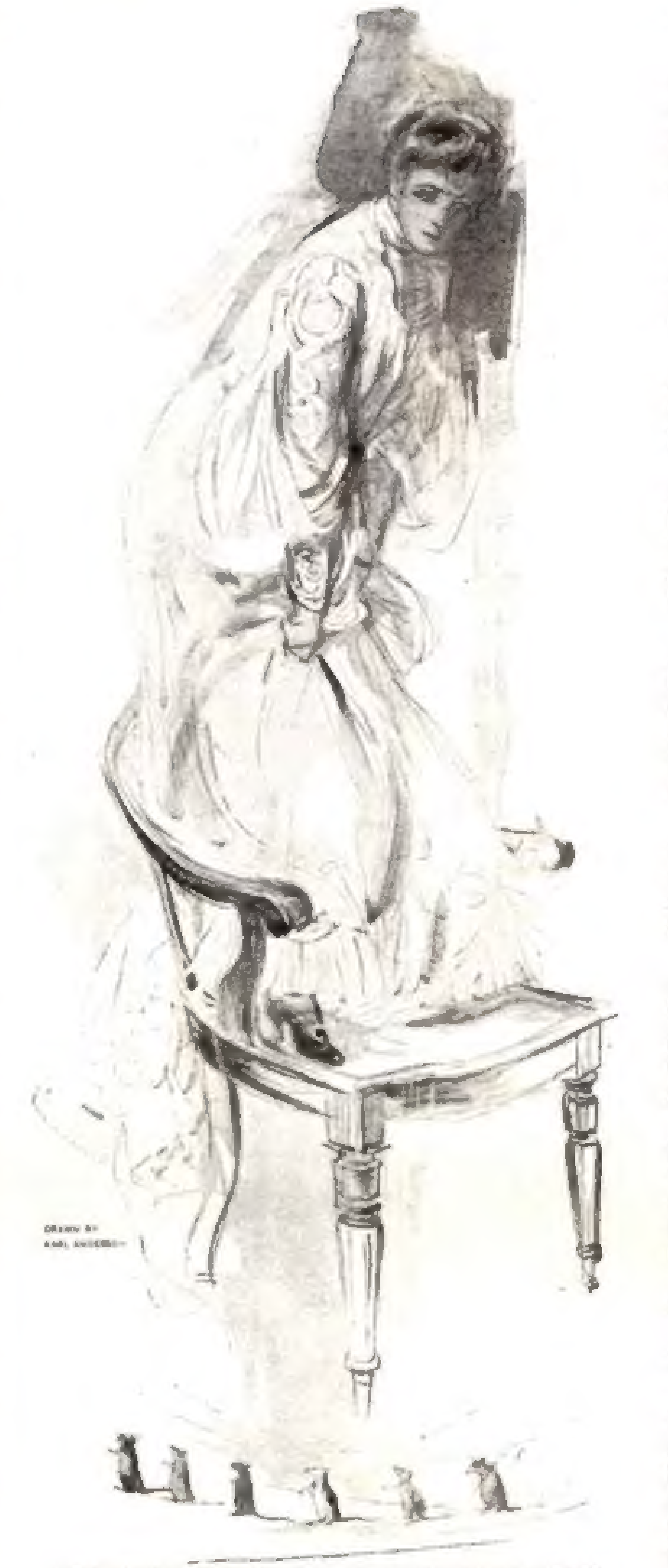
"Now, as a matter of fact," he mused aloud, stroking the sleeping squirrel on his knee, "I could have fallen in love with either of those girls—before Steel blew up."

Pursuing his innocuous meditation he nodded to himself: "I rather like the poor one better than any girl I ever saw. Doubtless she paints portraits on solar-prints at fifteen per. That's all right; she's doing more than I have done yet. . . . I approve of those eyes of hers; they're like the eyes of that waking Aphrodite in the Luxembourg. If she would only just look at me once instead of looking through me when we pass one another in the hall ——"

The deadened gallop of a horse on the bridle-path caught his ear. The horse was coming fast — almost too fast. He laid the sleeping squirrel on the bench, then instinctively stood up and walked to the thicket's edge.

What happened was too quick for him to comprehend; he had a vision of a big black horse, mane and tail in the wind, tearing madly, straight at him — a glimpse of a white face, desperate and set, a flutter of loosened hair; then a storm of wind and sand roared in his ears; he was hurled, jerked and flung forward, dragged, shaken and left half senseless, hanging to nose and bit of a horse whose rider was picking herself out of a bush covered with white flowers.

Half senseless still, he tightened his grip on the bit, released the grasp on the creature's nose, and, laying his hand full on the forelock, brought it down twice and twice across the eyes, talking to the horse in halting, broken whispers. When he had the trembling animal under control he looked around; the girl stood on the grass, dusty, dirty, disheveled, bleeding from a cut on the cheekbone: the most bewildered and astonished creature he had ever looked upon.



THE NEXT INSTANT SHE WAS STANDING UPON A CHAIR, PALE AS A GHOST

"It will be all right in a few minutes," he said, motioning her to the bench on the asphalt walk. She nodded, turned, picked up his hat, and, seating herself, began to smooth the furred nap with her sleeve, watching him intently all the while. That he already had the confidence of a horse that he had never before seen was perfectly apparent. Little by little the sweating, quivering limbs were stilled, the tense muscles in the neck relaxed, the head sank, dusty velvet lips nibbled at his hand, his shoulder; the heaving, sunken flanks filled and grew quiet.

Bareheaded, his attire in disorder and covered with slaver and sand, the young man laid the bridle on the horse's neck, held out his hand, and, saying "Come," turned his back and walked down the bridle-path. The horse stretched a sweating neck, sniffed, pricked forward both small ears, and slowly followed, turning as the man turned, up and down, crowding at heel like a trained dog, finally stopping on the edge of the walk.

The young man looped the bridle over a low maple limb, and leaving the horse standing sauntered over to the bench.

"That horse," he said pleasantly, "is all right now; but the question is, are *you* all right?"

She rose, handing him his hat, and began to twist up her bright hair. For a few moments' silence they were frankly occupied in restoring order to raiment, dusting off gravel and examining rents.

"I'm tremendously grateful," she said abruptly.

"I am, too," he said in that attractive manner which sets people of similar caste at ease with one another.

"Thank you; it's a generous compliment, considering your hat and clothing."

He looked up; she stood twisting her hair and doing her best with the few remaining hair-pegs.

"I'm a sight for little fishes," she said, coloring. "Did that wretched beast bruise you?"

"Oh, no ——"

"You limped!"

"Did I?" he said vaguely. "How do you feel?"

"There is," she said, "a curious, breathless flutter all over me; if that is fright, I suppose I'm frightened, but I don't mind mounting at once—if you would put me up ——"

"Better wait a bit," he said; "it would not do to have that horse feel a fluttering pulse telegraphing along the bridle. Tell me, are you spurred?"

She lifted the hem of her habit; two small spurs glittered on her polished boot heels.

"That's it, you see," he observed; "you probably have not ridden cross-saddle very long. When your mount swerved you spurred, and he bolted, bit in teeth."

"That's exactly it," she admitted, looking ruefully at her spurs. Then she dropped her skirt, glanced interrogatively at him, and, obeying his grave gesture, seated herself again upon the bench.

"Don't stand," she said civilly. He took the other end of the seat, lifting the still slumbering squirrel to his knee.

"I — I haven't said very much," she began; "I'm impulsive enough to be over-grateful and say too much. I hope you understand me; do you?"

"Of course; you're very good. It was nothing; you could have stopped your horse yourself. People do that sort of thing for one another as a matter of course."

"But not at the risk you took ——"

"No risk at all," he said hastily.

She thought otherwise, and thought it so fervently that, afraid of emotion, she turned her cold, white profile to him and studied her horse, haughty lids adroop. The same insolent sweetness was in her eyes when they again reverted to him. He knew the look; he had encountered it often enough in the hallway and on the stairs. He knew, too, that she must recognize him; yet, under the circumstances, it was for her to speak first; and she did not, for she was at that age when horror of overdoing anything chokes back the scarcely extinguished childish instinct to say too much. In other words, she was eighteen and had had her first season the winter past — the winter when he had not been visible among the gatherings of his caste.

"Those squirrels are very tame," she observed calmly.

"Not always," he said. "Try to hold this one, for example."

She raised her pretty eyebrows, then accepted the lump of fluffy fur from his hands. Instantly an electric shock seemed to set the squirrel frantic, there was a struggle, a streak of gray and white, and the squirrel leaped from her lap and fairly flew down the asphalt path.

"Gracious!" she exclaimed faintly; "what was the matter?"

"Some squirrels are very wild," he said innocently.

"I know — but you held him — he was asleep on your knee. Why didn't he stay with me?"

"Oh, perhaps because I have a way with animals."

"With horses, too," she added gayly. And the smile breaking from her violet eyes silenced him in the magic of a beauty he had never dreamed of. At first she mistook his silence for modesty; then — because even as young a maid as she is quick to divine and fine of instinct — she too fell silent and serious, the while the shuttles of her reason flew like lightning, weaving the picture of him she had conceived — a gentleman, a man of her own caste, rather splendid and wise and bewildering. The portrait completed, there was no room for the hint of presumption she had half sensed in the brown eyes' glance that had set her alert; and she looked up at him again, frankly, a trifle curiously.

"I am going to thank you once more," she said, "and ask you to put me up. There is not a flutter of fear in my pulse now."

"Are you quite sure?"

"Perfectly."

They arose; he untied the horse and beckoned it to the walk's edge.

"I forgot," she said, laughing, "that I am riding cross-saddle. I can mount without troubling you ——" She set her toe to the stirrup which he held, and swung herself up into the saddle with a breezy "Thanks, awfully," and sat there gathering her bridle.

Had she said enough? How coldly her own thanks rang in her ears — for perhaps he had saved her neck — and perhaps not. Busy with curb and snaffle-reins, head bent, into her oval face a tint of color crept. Did he think she treated lightly, flippantly, the courage which became him so? Or was he already bored by her acknowledgment of it? Sensitive, dreading to expose youth and inexperience to the amused smile of this attractive young man of the world, she sat fumbling with her bridle, conscious that he stood beside her, hat in hand, looking up at her. She could delay no longer; the bridle had been shifted and reshifted to the last second of procrastination. She must say something or go.

Meeting his eyes, she smiled faintly and leaned a little forward in her saddle as though to speak, but his brown eyes troubled her, and all she could say was "Thank you — good-by," and galloped off down the vista through dim, leafy depths heavy with the incense of lilac and syringa.

II

ALTHOUGH he was not vindictive, he did not care to owe anything to anybody who might be inclined to give him a hearing on account of former obligations or his social position. Everybody knew he had gone to smash; everybody, he very soon discovered, was naturally afraid of being bothered by him. The dread of the overfed that an underfed member of the community may request a seat at the table he now understood perfectly. He was learning.

So he solicited aid from nobody whom he had known in former days; neither from those who had aided him when he needed no aid, nor those who owed their comfortable position to the generosity of his father — a gentleman notorious for making fortunes for his friends.

Therefore he wrote to strangers on a purely business basis — to amazing types lately emerged from the submerged, bulging with coal-money, steel-money, copper-money, wheat-money, stockyard-money — types that galloped for Fifth Avenue to build town houses; that shook their long ears and frisked into the country and built "cottages." And this was how he put it:

> *Madam:* In case you desire to entertain guests with the professional services of a magician it would give me pleasure to place my professional services at your disposal.

And signed his name.

It was a dreadful drain on his bank account to send several thousand engraved cards about town and fashionable resorts. No replies came. Day after day, exhausted with the practice drill of his profession, he walked to the Park and took his seat on the bench by the bridle-path. Sometimes he saw her cantering past; she always acknowledged his salute, but never drew bridle. At times, too, he passed her in the hall; her colorless "Good-morning" never varied except when she said "Good-evening." And all this time he never inquired her name from the hall servant; he was that sort of man — decent through instinct; for even breeding sometimes permits sentiment to snoop.

For a week he had been airily dispensing with more than one meal a day; to keep clothing and boots immaculate required a sacrifice of breakfast and luncheon; besides, he had various small pensioners to feed — white rabbits with foolish pink eyes, canary birds, cats, albino mice, gold-fish and other collaborators in his profession. He was obliged to bribe the janitor, too, because the laws of the house permitted neither animals nor babies within its precincts. This extra honorarium deprived him of tobacco, and he became a pessimist.

Besides, doubts as to his own ability arose within him; it was all very well to practice his magic there alone, but he had not yet tried it on anybody except the janitor; and when he had begun by discovering several red-eyed rabbits in the janitor's pockets that intemperate functionary fled with a despondent yell that brought a policeman to the area gate with a threat to pull the place.

At length, however, a letter came engaging him for one evening. He was quite incredulous at first, then modestly scared, perplexed, exultant and depressed by turns. Here was an opening — the first. And because it was the first its success or failure meant future engagements or consignment to the street, perhaps as a white-wing. There must be no faltering now, no bungling, no mistakes, no amateurish hesitation. It is the empty-headed who most strenuously demand intelligence in others. One yawn from such an audience meant his professional damnation — he knew that; every second must break like froth in a wine-glass; an instant's perplexity, a slackening of the tension, and those flaccid intellects would relax into native inertia. Incapable of self-amusement, depending utterly upon superior minds for a respite from ennui, their caprice controlled his fate; and he knew it.

Sitting there by the sunny window, with a pair of magnificent white Persian cats purring on either knee, he read and re-read the letter summoning him on the morrow to Seabright. He knew who his hostess was — a large lady lately emerged from a corner in lard, dragging with her some assorted relatives of atrophied intellects and a husband whose only mental pleasure depended upon the speed attained by his gasoline racing-car — the most exacting audience he could dare to confront.

Like the White Knight he had had plenty of practice, but he feared that warrior's fate; and as he sat there he picked up a bunch of silver hoops, tossed them up separately so that they descended linked in a glittering chain, looped them and unlooped them, and, tiring, thoughtfully tossed them toward the ceiling again, where they vanished one by one in mid-air.

The cats purred; he picked up one, moulded her carefully in his handsome hands; and presently, under the agreeable massage, her purring increased while she dwindled and dwindled to the size of a small, fluffy kitten, then vanished entirely, leaving in his hand a tiny white mouse. This mouse he tossed into the air, where it became no mouse at all but a white butterfly that fluttered 'round and 'round, alighting at last on the window curtain and hung there, opening and closing its snowy wings.

"That's all very well," he reflected gloomily, as, at a pass of his hand, the air was filled with canary birds; "that's all very well, but suppose I should slip up? What I need is to rehearse to somebody before I face two or three hundred people."

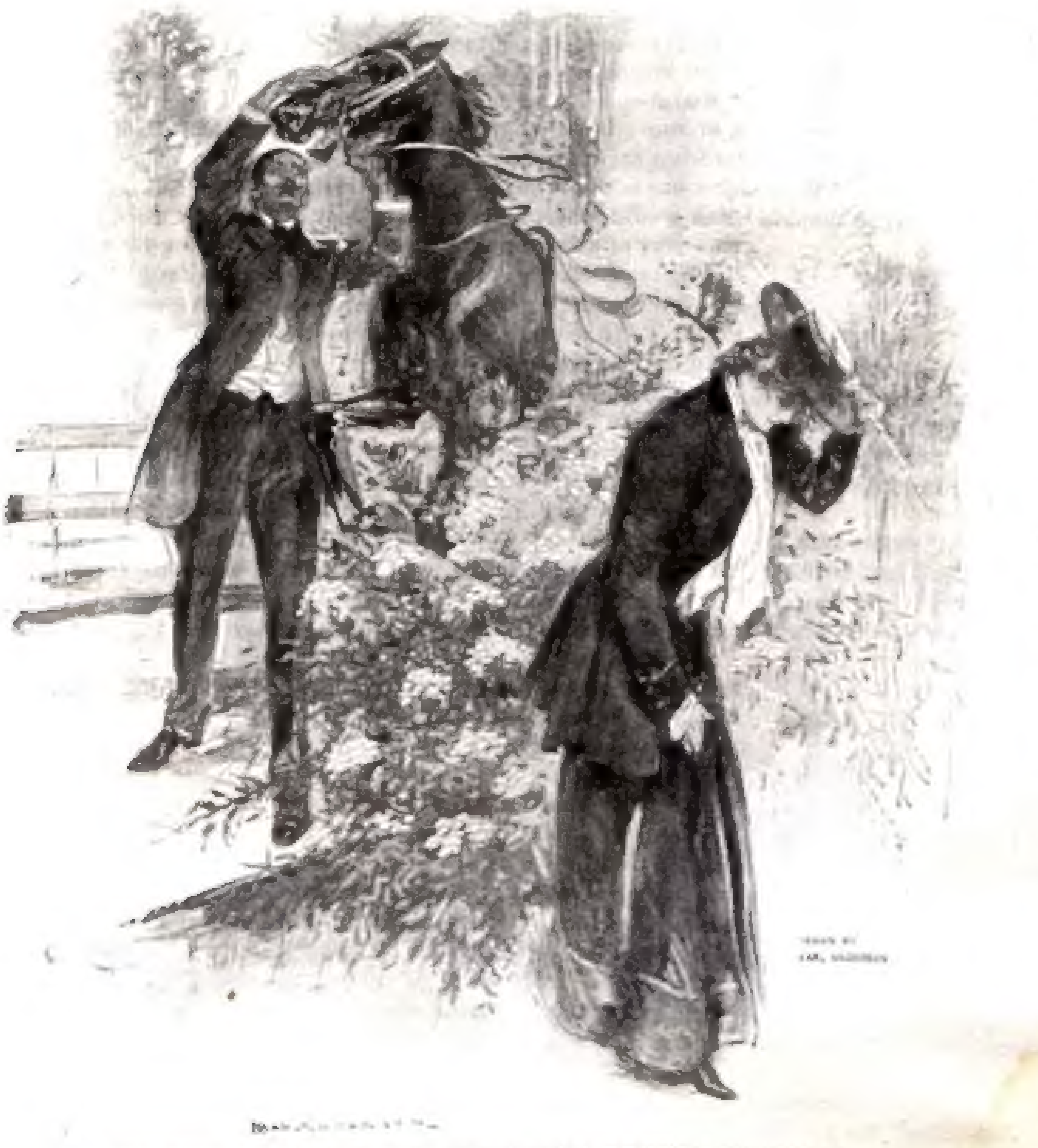
He thought he heard a knocking on his door, and listened a moment. But as there was an electric bell there he concluded he had been mistaken; and picking up the other white cat, he began a gentle massage that stimulated her purring, apparently at the expense of her color and size, for in a few moments she also dwindled until she became a very small, coal-black kitten, changing in a twinkling to a blackbird when he cast her carelessly toward the ceiling. It was well done; in all India no magician could have done it more cleverly, more casually.

Leaning forward in his chair he reproduced the two white cats from behind him, put the kittens back in their box, caught the blackbird and caged it, and was carefully winding up the hairspring in the white butterfly, when again he fancied that somebody was knocking.

III

THIS time he went leisurely to the door and opened it; a girl stood there, saying, "I beg your pardon for disturbing you ——" It was high time she admitted it, for her eyes had been disturbing him day and night since the first time he passed her in the hall.

She appeared to be a trifle frightened, too, and, scarcely waiting for his invitation, she stepped inside with a hurried glance behind her, and walked to the centre of the room holding her skirts carefully as though stepping through wet grass.



TALKING TO THE HORSE IN HALTING, BROKEN WHISPERS

"I — I am a trifle annoyed," she said in a voice not perfectly under command. "If you please, would you tell me whether there is such a thing as a pea-green mouse?"

Then he did a mean thing; he could have cleared up that matter with a word, a smile, and — he didn't.

"A green mouse?" he repeated gently, almost pitifully.

She nodded, then paled; he drew a big chair toward her, for her knees trembled a little; and she sat down with an appealing glance that ought to have made him ashamed of himself.

"What has frightened you?" inquired that meanest of men.

"I was in my studio — and I must first explain to you that for weeks and weeks I — I have imagined I heard sounds ——" She looked carefully around her; nothing animate was visible. "Sounds," she repeated, swallowing a little lump in her white throat, "like the faint squealing and squeaking and sniffing and scratching of — of live things. I asked the janitor, and he said the house was not very well built and that the beams and wainscoting were shrinking."

"Did he say that?" inquired the young man, thinking of the bribes.

"Yes, and I tried to believe him. And one day I thought I heard about one hundred canaries singing, and I know I did, but that idiot janitor said they were the sparrows under the eaves. Then one day when your door was open, and I was coming up the stairway, and it was dark in the entry, something big and soft flopped across the carpet, and — it being exceedingly common to scream — I didn't, but managed to get past it, and"— her violet eyes widened with horror — "do you know what that soft, floppy thing was? It was an owl!"

He was aware of it; he had managed to secure the escaped bird before her electric summons could arouse the janitor.

"I called the janitor," she said, "and he came and we searched the entry; but there was no owl."

He appeared to be greatly impressed; she recognized the sympathy in his brown eyes.

"That wretched janitor declared I had seen a cat," she resumed; "and I could not persuade him otherwise. For a week I scarcely dared set foot on the stairs, but I had to — you see, I live at home and only come to my studio to paint."

"I thought you lived here," he said, surprised.

"Oh, no. I have my studio ——" she hesitated, then smiled. "Everybody makes fun of me, and I suppose they'll laugh me out of it, but I detest conventions, and I did hope I had talent for something besides frivolity."

Her gaze wandered around his room; then suddenly the possible significance of her unconventional situation brought her to her feet, serious but self-possessed.

"I beg your pardon again," she said, "but I was really driven out of my studio — quite frightened, I confess."

"What drove you out?" he asked guiltily.

"Something — you can scarcely credit it — and I dare not tell the janitor for fear he will think me — queer." She raised her distressed and lovely eyes again: "Oh, please believe that I *did* see a bright green mouse!"

"I do believe it," he said, wincing.

"Thank you. I — I know perfectly well how it sounds — and I know that horrid people see things like that, but" — she spoke piteously — "I have only one glass of claret at dinner, and I am perfectly wholesome and healthy in body and mind. How could I see such a thing if it was not there."

"It was there," he declared.

"Do you really think so? A green — bright green mouse?"

"Haven't a doubt of it," he assured her; "saw one myself the other day."

"Where?"

"On the floor ——" He made a vague gesture. "There's probably a crack between your studio and my wall, and the little rascal crept into your place."

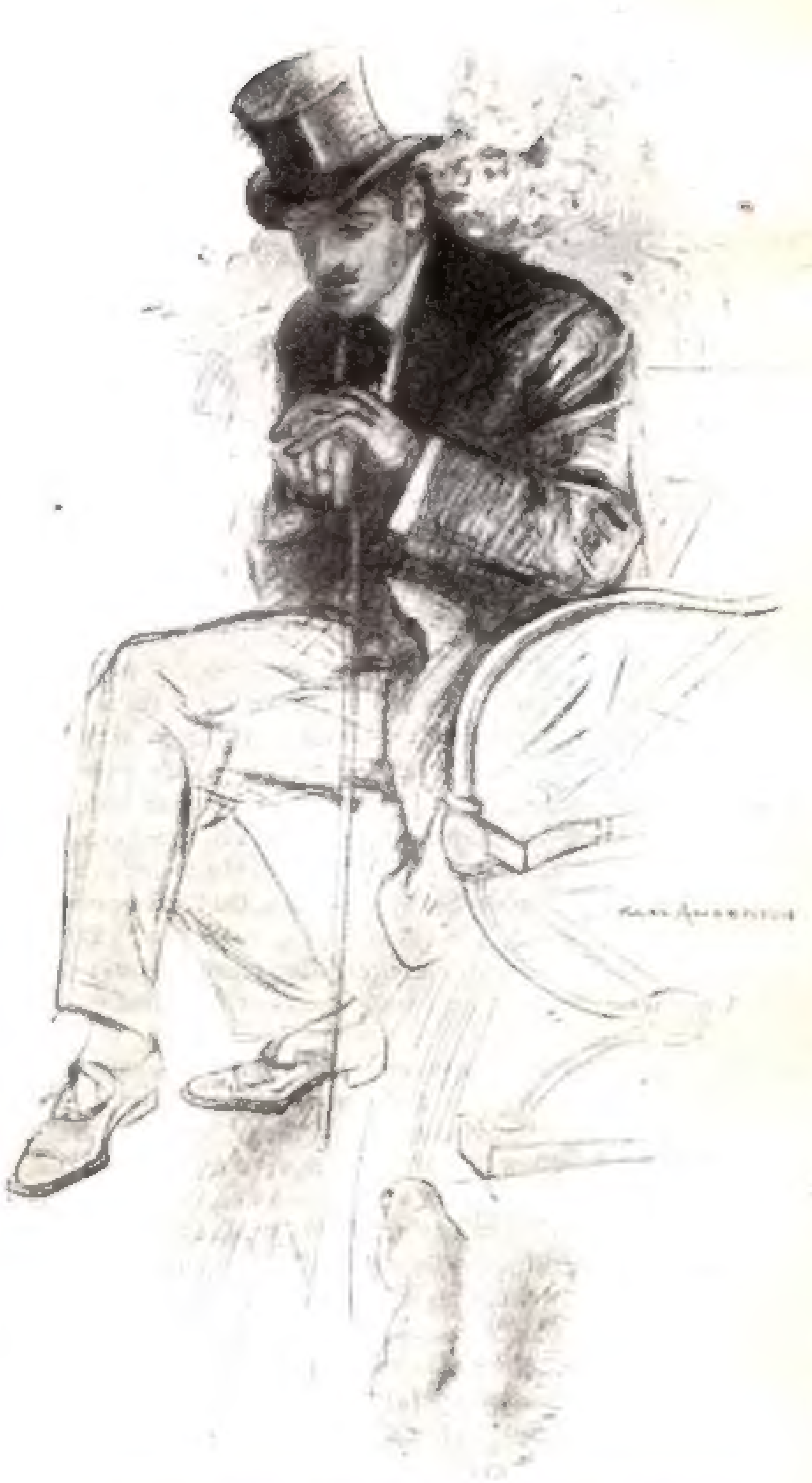
She stood looking at him uncertainly: "Are there really such things as green mice?"

"Well," he explained, "I fancy this one was originally white. Somebody probably dyed it green."

"But who on earth would be silly enough to do such a thing?"

His ears grew red — he felt them doing it.

After a moment she said: "I am glad you told me that you, too, saw this unspeakable mouse. I have decided to write to the owners of the house and request an immediate investigation. Would — would it be too much to ask you to write also."



A FASHIONABLE YOUNG MAN SITTING MOODILY UPON A PARK BENCH

"Are you going to write?" he asked, appalled.

"Certainly. Either some dreadful creature here keeps a bird store and brings home things that escape, or the house is infested. I don't care what the janitor says; I did hear squeals and whines and whimpers!"

"Suppose — suppose we wait," he began lamely; but at that moment her blue eyes widened; she caught him convulsively by the arm, pointing, one snowy finger outstretched.

"Oh-h!" she said hysterically, and the next instant was standing upon a chair, pale as a ghost. It was a wonder she had not mounted the dresser, too, for there, issuing in creepy single file from the wainscoting, came mice — mice of various tints. A red one led the gruesome rank, a black and white one came next, then in decorous procession followed the guilty green one, a yellow one, a blue one, and finally — horror of horrors! — a red-white-and-blue mouse, carrying a tiny American flag.

He turned a miserable face toward her; she, eyes dilated, frozen to a statue, saw him advance, hold out a white wand — saw the uncanny procession of mice mount the stick and form into a row, tails hanging down — saw him carry the creatures to a box and dump them in.

He was trying to speak now. She heard him stammer something about the escape of the mice; she heard him asking her pardon. Dazed, she laid her hand in his as he aided her to descend to the floor; nerveless, speechless, she sank into the big chair, horror still dilating her eyes.

"It's all up with me," he said slowly, "if you write to the owners. I've bribed the janitor to say nothing. I'm dreadfully mortified that these things have happened to annoy you."

The color came back into her face; amazement dominated her anger. "But why — why do you keep such creatures?"

"Why shouldn't I?" he asked. "It is my profession."

"Your — what?"

"My profession," he repeated doggedly.

"Oh," she said, revolted, "that is not true! You are a gentleman — I know who you are perfectly well!"

"Who am I?"

She called him by name, almost angrily.

"Well," he said sullenly, "what of it? If you have investigated my record you must know I am as poor as these miserable mice."

"I — I know it. But you are a gentleman ——"

"I am a mountebank," he said; "I mean a mountebank in its original interpretation. There's neither sense nor necessity for me to deny it."

"I — I don't understand you," she whispered, shocked.

"Why I do monkey tricks to entertain people," he replied, forcing a laugh, "or rather, I hope to do a few — and be paid

(Continued on Page 18)

TALES OF THE ROAD

Some of the Ways to Get the Business—and Keep It

BY CHARLES N. CREWDSON

SALESMANSHIP is the business of the world; it is about all there is to the world of business. Enter the door of a successful wholesale or manufacturing house and you stand on the threshold of an establishment represented by first-class salesmen. They are the steam—and a big part of the engine, too—that makes business move.

I saw in print, the other day, the statement that salesmanship is the "fourth profession." It is not; it is the first. The salesman, when he starts out to "get there," must turn more sharp corners, "duck" through more alleys and face more cold, stiff winds than any other worker I know of. He must think quickly, yet use judgment; he must work hard and often long. He must coax one minute and "stand out" the next. He must persuade—persuade the man he approaches that he needs his goods, and make him buy them—yes, *make* him. He is messenger boy, train dispatcher, department buyer, credit man, actor, lawyer and politician—all under one hat!

By "salesman" I do not mean the man who stands behind the counter and lets the customer who comes to him and wants to buy a necktie slip away because the spots on the silk are blue instead of green; nor do I mean the man who wraps up a collar, size 16, and calls "cash." I mean the man who takes his grip or sample trunks and goes to hunt his customer—the traveling salesman.

To the position of traveling salesman attach independence, dignity, opportunity, substantial reward. Many of the tribe do not appreciate this; those do so best who in time try the "professional life." When they do they usually go back to the road, happy to get there again. Yet were they permanently to adopt a profession, say the law, they would make better lawyers because they had been traveling men. Were many professional men to try the road they would go back to their first occupation because forced to. The traveling man can tell you why. I bought, a few days ago, a plaything for my small boy. What do you suppose it was? A toy train. I wish him to get used to it, for when he grows up I am going to put him on the road hustling trunks.

The Training School for Business Success

MY BOY will have a better chance for success at this than at anything else. If he has the right sort of stuff in him he will soon lay the foundation for a life success; if he hasn't I'll soon find it out. As a traveling salesman he will succeed quickly or not at all. In the latter event I shall set him to studying a profession. When he goes on the road he may save a great part of his salary, for the firm he will represent will pay his living expenses while traveling for them. He will also have many leisure hours, and even months, in which to study for a profession, if he chooses; or if he will he may spend his "out of season" months in foreign travel or any phase of intellectual culture—and he will have the money *of his own earning* to do it with. Three to six or eight months is as much time as most traveling men can profitably give to selling goods on the road; the rest is theirs to use as they please.

Every man who goes on the road does not succeed—not by any means! The road is no place for drones; there are a great many drops of the honey of commerce waiting in the apple blossoms along the road, but it takes the busy "worker" bee to get it. The capable salesman may achieve great success not only on the road but in any kind of activity. "The road" is a great training school. Alderman Milton Foreman, chairman of the transportation committee in the Chicago City Council, only a few years ago was a drummer. He studied law daily and went into politics while he yet drew the largest salary of any man in his house. Marshall Field was once a traveling man; John W. Gates sold barbed wire before he became a steel king. These three men are merely types of successful traveling men.

Nineteen years ago, a boy of fifteen, I quit picking worms off tobacco plants and began to work in a wholesale house, in St. Louis, at five dollars a week—and I had an even start with nearly every man ever connected with the firm. The president of the firm to-day, now also a bank president, and worth a million dollars, was formerly a traveling man; the old vice-president of the house, who is now the head of another firm in the same line, used to be a traveling man; the present vice-president and the president's son-in-law was a traveling man when I went with the firm; one of the directors, who went with the house since I did, was a traveling man. Another who traveled for this firm is to-day vice-president of a large wholesale dry-goods house. One more saved enough recently to go into the wholesale business for himself. Out of the whole lot of us six married daughters of wealthy parents, and thirty or more, who keep on traveling, earn by six months or less of road work from $1200 to $6000 each year. One of the lot has done, during his period of rest, what every one of his fellow-salesmen had the chance to do—taken a degree from a great university, obtained a license (which he cannot afford to use) to practice law, learned to read, write and speak with ease two foreign languages, and got a smattering of three others, and has traveled over a large part of the world.

Of all the men in the office and stock departments of this firm only two of them have got beyond twenty-five dollars a week; and both of them have been drudges. One of them has moved up from slave-bookkeeper to credit-man-slave and partner. The other has become a buyer. And even he, as well as being a stock man, was a city salesman.

Just last night, on leaving the street car, an old schoolboy friend told me that he was soon going to try his hand on the road selling bonds. He asked me if I could give him any pointers. I said: "Work and be square—never come down on a price; make the price right in the beginning." "Oh, I don't know about that," said he. I slapped him on the breast and answered: "I do!"

On the Bias and on the Square

I WOULD give every traveling man, every business man, every *man*, this same advice. Say what you will, a square deal is the only thing to give your customer. You can do a little scaly work and win out at it for a while, but when you get into the stretch, unless you have played fair, the short horses will beat you under the wire.

The best customer on my order-book came to me because I once had a chance to do a little crooked work—and didn't. I had a customer who had been a loyal one for many years. He would not even look at another salesman's goods—and you know that it is a whole lot of satisfaction to get into a town and walk into a door where you know you are "solid." The man on the road who doesn't appreciate and care for a faithful customer isn't much.

My old customer, Herman, had a little trouble with his head clerk. The clerk, Fred, got it into his head that the business belonged to him, and he tried to run it. But Herman wouldn't stand for this sort of work and "called him down." The clerk became "toppy," and Herman discharged him.

But still, Fred had a fairly good standing in the town, and interested an old bachelor, a banker, who had a nephew that he wanted to start in business. He furnished Fred and his nephew with $10,000 cash capital; the three formed a partnership to open a new store and "buck" Herman. Well, you know, it is not a bad thing to "stand in" with the head clerk when you wish to do business in an establishment. So I had always treated Fred right, and he liked me and had confidence in me. In fact, it's a poor rule to fail to treat every one well. I believe that the "boys" on the road are the most tolerant, patient human beings on earth. To succeed at their business they must be patient, and after a while it becomes a habit, and a good one, too.

You know how it goes! A merchant gets to handling a certain brand of goods no better than many others in the same line. He gets it into his head that he cannot do without that particular line. This is what enables a man on the road to get an established trade. The clerks in the store also get interested in some special brand because they have customers who come in and ask for that particular thing a few times. They do not stop to think that the man who comes in and asks for a Leopard brand hat or a Knock-'em-out shoe does not have any confidence in this special shoe or hat, but that he has confidence in the establishment where he buys it.

So, when I was in Herman's town to sell him his usual bill his clerk hailed me from across the street and came over to where I stood. He told me that he had quit his old job and that he was going to put in a new stock. I, of course, had to tell him that I must stay with Herman, but that out of appreciation of his past kindness to me I would do the best I could to steer him right in my line of goods. I gave him a personal letter to another firm that I had been with before, and who, I knew, would deal with him fairly.

Fred went in to market. When in the city he tried to buy some goods of my firm. He intended to take these same goods and sell them for a lower price than Herman had been getting, and thus cut hard into Herman's trade. But the big manufacturers, you know, are awake to all of these tricks, and a first-class establishment will always protect its customers. My house told Fred that before they could sell to him they would have to get my sanction. They wired me about it, and I, of course, had to be square with my faithful old friend, Herman. As I was near by I wrote him by special delivery, and laid the case before him. He, for self-protection, wired my house that he would prefer that they should not sell to his old clerk who was now going to become his competitor. In fact he said he would not stand for it.

A Little Color in the Pan

THE very next season things came around so that Herman went out of business, and then I knew that I "was up against it" in his town—my old customer gone out of business; Fred not wanting, then, of course, to buy of me. But I took my medicine and consoled myself with the thought that a few grains of gold would pan out in the wash. Up in a large town above Herman's I had a customer, named Sam, who had moved out from Colorado. Sam was well fixed, but he had not secured the right location. Say what you will, location has a whole lot to do with business. Of course, a poor man would not prosper in the busy streets of Cairo, but the best sort of a hustler would starve to death doing business on the Sahara. A big store in Sam's new town failed. Sam had a chance to sell out the stock at seventy-five cents on the dollar. He wished to do so; but, although he was well-to-do, he didn't have the ready cash.

One night I called on Sam and he laid the case before me. He told me how sorry he was not to get hold of the "snap." I put my wits together quickly, and I said to him: "Sam, I believe I can do you some good."

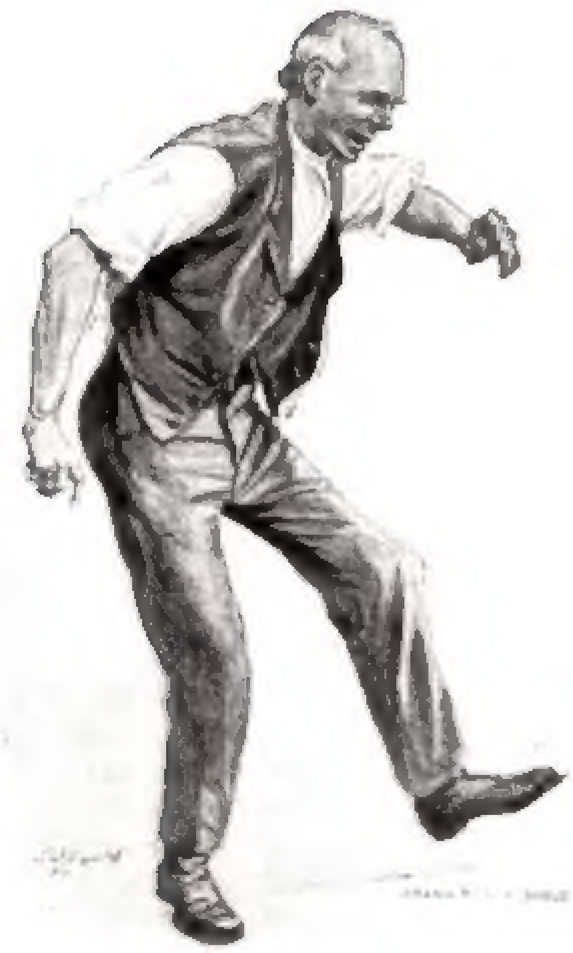
The next morning I went down to see a banker, who was a brother-in-law of Herman's, and who had made enough money merchandising and out of wheat, down in Herman's old town, to move up to the city and go into the banking business. The banker knew all about the way that I had treated his brother-in-law, and I felt that because I had been square with Herman he would have confidence in anything I said to him. I put the case before the banker. I told him I knew Sam to be well fixed, to have good credit, to be a good rustler and strictly straight.

In a little while I brought Sam up to meet the banker. The banker, immediately, upon my recommendation, told Sam that he could have all the money he needed—$16,000. The banker also wired to the people who owned the stock—he was well acquainted with them—and told them he would vouch for Sam.

The deal went through all right, and Sam now buys every cent's worth that he uses in my line from me. He is the best customer I have. I got him by *being square.*

One of my old friends, who was a leading hat salesman of St. Louis, once told me the following experience:

"Several years ago I was out in Western Texas on a team trip. It was a flush year; cattle were high. I had been having



LARRY LET BUSINESS DROP ENTIRELY AND DANCED A JIG

a good time; you know how it goes—the more one sells the more he wants to sell and can sell. I heard of a big cattleman who was also running a cross-roads grocery store. He wanted to put in dry-goods, shoes and hats. His store was only a few miles out of my way, so I thought that I would drive over and see him.

"How I kicked myself when I drove up to his shanty, hardly larger, it seemed to me, than my straw-goods trunk! But, being there, I thought I would pick up a small bill, anyway. I make it a rule never to overlook even a small order, for enough of them amount to as much as one big one. When I went in the old gentleman was tickled to see me and told me to open up—that he wanted a 'right smart' bill. I thought that meant about seventy-five dollars.

"I had to leave my trunks outside—the store was so small—so I brought in at first only a couple of stacks of samples. I pulled out a cheap hat and handed it to him.

"'That's a good one for the money,' said I; 'a dollar apiece.' I used always to show cheap goods first, but I have learned better.

"He looked at my sample in contempt, and pulling a fine nutria hat off his head he said: 'Haven't you got some hats like this one?'

"'Yes, but they will cost you eighty-four dollars a dozen,' I answered, at the same time handing him a fine beaver quality.

"'The more they cost the better they suit us cattlemen; we are not paupers, suh! How many come in a case?'

"'Three dozen come in a case, Colonel.'

"'Well, give me a case.'

"I had never sold a case of these fine goods in my life, so I said to him: 'That's more, Colonel, than I usually sell of that kind, and I don't want to overload you; hadn't we better make it a dozen?'

"'Dozen? No, suh, no. You must think that there's nobody in this country, that they haven't any money, and that I haven't any money. Did you see that big bunch of cattle as you came in? They're all mine—mine, suh; and I don't owe the bank a cent on them, suh. No, suh, not a cent, suh. I want a case of these hats, suh—not a little bundle that you can carry under yo' arm.'

"I was afraid that I had made the old gentleman mad, and, knowing him by reputation to be worth several thousand dollars, I thought it best to let him have his way. I went through the two stacks with him and then brought in the rest of my samples. He bought a case of a kind right through—fine hats, medium hats and cheap hats for Greasers. He bought blacks, browns and light colors. I was ashamed to figure up the bill before his face. But just as soon as I got out of sight I added up the items, and it amounted to $2100—the best bill I took on that trip.

"I sent the order in, but I thought that I should not have to call there again for a long time. The house shipped the bill, and the old gentleman discounted it.

"Next trip I was intending to give that point the go-by. I really felt that the old gentleman not only needed no more goods but that he would shoot me if I called on him. But when I got to the town next to his my customer there, who was a friend of the Colonel's, told me that the old gentleman had sent him word that he wished to buy some more goods, and for me to be sure and come to see him.

"When I came driving up to the Colonel's store the back end of it looked peculiar to me. He had got so many goods from me that he had been obliged to take the wooden cases they were shipped in and make out of these boxes an addition to his store. Lumber was scarce in that country. The Colonel came out and shook hands with me before I was out of my wagon. I was never greeted more warmly in my life.

"'Look heah,' he began, 'I owe you an apology, sûh; and I want to make it to you befo' you pass my threshol', suh. When you were heah befo' I feah that I allowed my indignation to arise. I am sorry for it, suh, sorry! Give me yo' hand and tell me that yo' will pahdon me. I can't look you square in the face until yo' do.'

"'Why, Colonel, that's all right,' said I; 'I didn't want to abuse your confidence, but I fear that I myself was impertinent in trying to show you that I knew more about your business than you did. I want to beg your pardon.'

"'No pahdon to grant, suh; and I want you to accept my apology. The truth is the cowboys in this country have been deviling me to death, nearly—ever since I started this store—to get them some good hats—good ones, suh. They told me that they couldn't get a decent hat in this whole country. I promised them that I would buy some of the best that I could find. When yo's came some of the boys saw the wagon bound foh my store ten miles out of town. They fo'med a sort of a procession, suh, and marched in with the team. Every one of those boys bought one of those finest hats you sold me. They spread the news that I had a big stock and a fine stock, all over this country; and, do you know, people have come two hundred miles to buy hats of me. Some of my friends laughed at me, they say, because I bought so many that I had to use the cases they came in to make an addition to my sto'. But the more they laughed, suh, the more necessary they made the addition. If you can only get people to talking about yo' yo' will thrive. Believe me in this, suh. If they say something good about yo' that is good; if they say something bad about yo' that is better—it spreads faster. Those fool merchants did not know, suh, that they were helping my business every time that they told about how many hats I had bought until one day a fellow, when they were laughing about me, said: "Well, if that's the case I'll buy my hat from him; I like, anyway, to patronize the man who carries a good stock." Now you just come back and see how empty my addition is.'

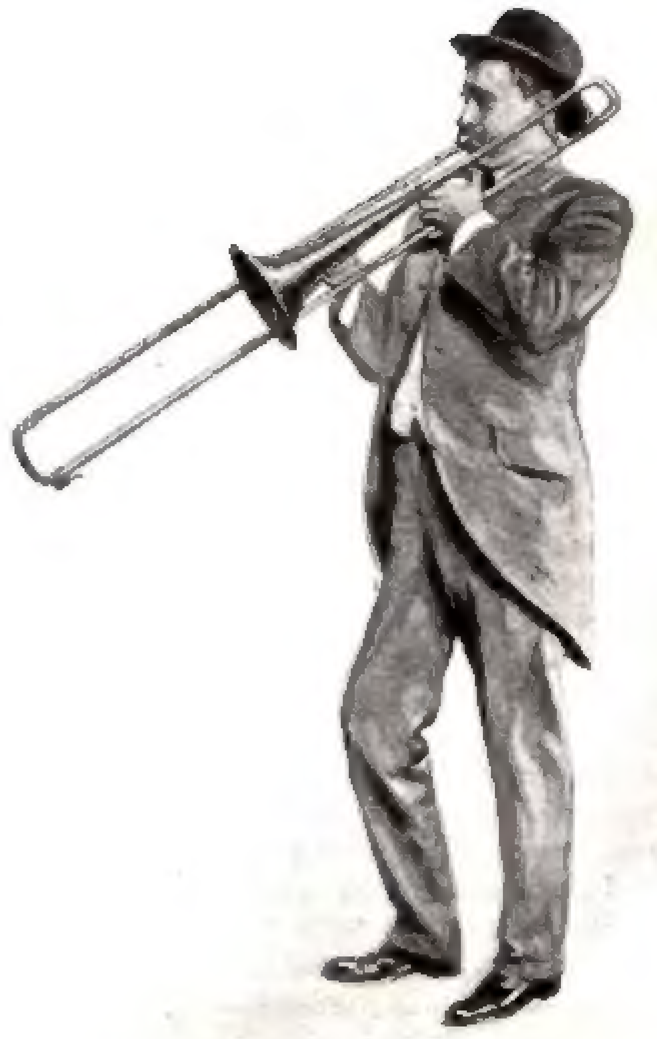
"I went back into the addition and found that the Colonel's hats were nearly all gone. He had actually sold—and out of his little shanty—more of my goods than any other customer I had. When I started to have my trunks unloaded the Colonel said to me: 'Now just hol' on there; that's entirely unnecessary. The last ones sold so well, you just duplicate my last bill except that you leave out the poah hats. Come, let's go up to my house and have a julep and rest a while.'"

The Wild Irishman of Chinook

ALTHOUGH a man's friends will not buy from him if he does not carry the goods, he will yet get their patronage over the other fellow if he has the right stock. Here's where a man's personality and adaptability are his stock-in-trade when he is on the road.

One of my musician road friends once told me how he had sold a bill to a well-known old crank, now dead, in the State of Montana.

"When I used to work at the bench, years ago," said he as we sat in the smoker, "evenings when I was free I studied music for relaxation. Our shop boys organized a brass band. I played the trombone, and learned to do fairly well. I never thought then that my music would fatten my pocketbook; but since I have been on the road it has served me a good turn more than once—it has sold me many a bill.



"BY SPECIAL RAYQUIST"

"You've heard of the 'Wild Irishman of Chinook,' haven't you?"

"Old Larry, the crank?" said I.

"Yes, old Larry, the great. Well, sir, the first evening I ever went into Larry's store I hadn't been in a minute until he said to me: 'Oi'm all full up; Oi've got plinty iv it, I don't give a dom phawt ye're silling.'

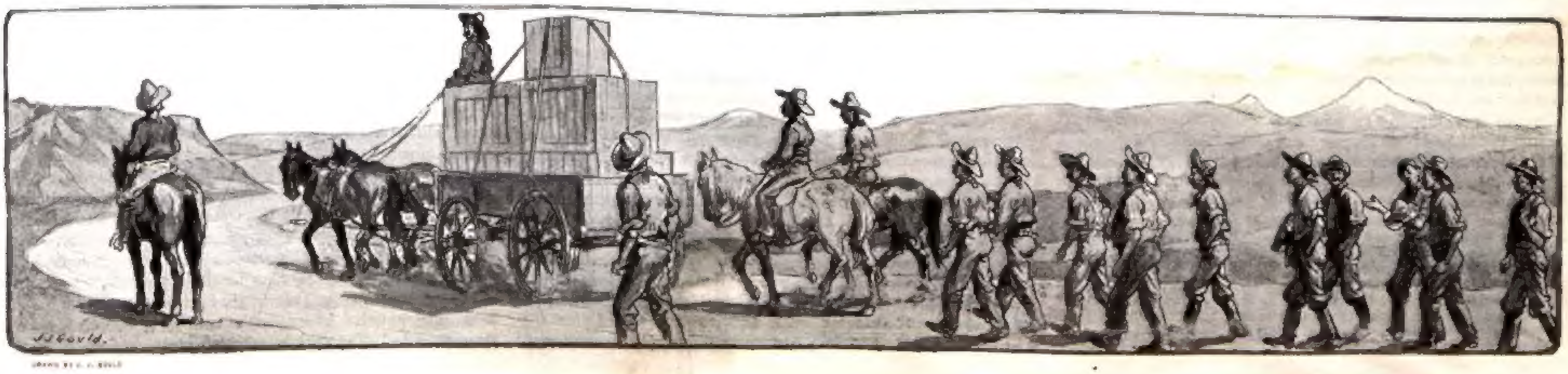
"I paid no attention to him, as I had heard of him; instead of going out I bought a cigar and sat down by the stove. Although a man may not wish to buy anything from you, you know, he is always willing to sell you something, even if it's only a cigar. I've caught many a merchant's ear by buying something of him. My specialty is bone collar-buttons—they come cheap. I'll bet that I bought a peck of them the first time I made a trip through this country.

"I had not been sitting by the stove long until I noticed, in a show case, a trombone. I asked Larry please to let me see it. 'Oi'll lit ye say the insthrumint,' said he; 'but phawt's the good of it? Ye can't play the thromboon, can ye? Oi'm the only mon in this berg that can bloo that hairn. Oi'm a mimber of the brass band.'

"I took the horn and, as I ran the scale a few times, Larry's eyes began to dance. He wouldn't wait on the customer who came in. The instrument was a good one. I made 'Praties and fishes are very foine dishes for Saint Pathrick in the mairning' fairly ring. A big crowd came in. Larry let business drop entirely and danced a jig. He kept me playing for an hour, always something 'by special rayquist'—'Molly Dairlint,' 'Moggie Moorphy's Hoom,' and everything he could think of. Finally he asked me for 'Hairt Booed Doon.'

"As I played the 'Heart Bowed Down' tears came to the old Irishman's eyes. When I saw these I played yet better; this piece was one of my own favorites. I felt a little peculiar myself. This air had made a bond between us. When I finished the old man said to me: 'Thank ye, thank ye, sor, with all my hairt! That's enoof. Let me put the hairn away. Go hoom now. But coom around in the mairnin' and Oi'll boy a bill of ye! I doon't give a dom phawt's you're silling. If Oi've got your loine in my sthore Oi'll boy a bill; if I haven't Oi'll boy a bill anyway and stairt a new depairtment. Good-noight; give me yer hand, sor.'

"Not only did Larry give me a good order, but he went to two more merchants in the town and made them buy from me. He bought every dollar's worth of his goods in my line from me as long as he lived."



A TRAVESTY OF JUSTICE

The Story of Fifteen Lost Years

By Florence Elizabeth Maybrick

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FROM A PHOTO, TAKEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

MRS. MAYBRICK AS SHE IS TO-DAY

SLOWLY consciousness returned. I opened my eyes. The room was in darkness—a glimmer of moonlight penetrated through the shutters. All was still. Suddenly the silence was broken by the bang of a closing door, which startled me out of my stupor. Where was I? Why was I alone? What awful thing had happened? A flash of memory. My husband was dead! I drifted once more away from the things of sense. Then a voice as if a long way off spoke. A feeling of pain and distress shot through my body. I opened my eyes in terror. Edwin Maybrick was bending over me as I lay upon my bed. He had my arms tightly gripped, and was shaking me violently. "I want your keys—do you hear? Where are your keys?" he exclaimed harshly. I tried to form a reply, but the words choked me, and once more I passed into unconsciousness.

It is the dawn of a Sabbath day. I am still lying in my clothes, neglected and uncared for; without food since the morning of the day before. Consciousness came and went. During one of these interludes Michael Maybrick entered.

"Nurse," he said, "I am going up to London. Mrs. Maybrick is no longer mistress of this house. As one of the executors I forbid you to allow her to leave this room. I hold you responsible in my absence."

He then left the room. What did he mean? How dare he humble me thus in the presence of a servant?

Toward the night of the same day I said to the nurse: "I wish to see my children."

She took no notice. My voice was weak, and I thought perhaps she had not heard.

"Nurse," I repeated, "I want to see my children."

She walked up to my bed, and in a cold, deliberate voice replied:

"You cannot see Master James and Miss Gladys. Mr. Michael Maybrick gave orders that they were to leave the house without seeing you."

I fell back upon my pillow, dazed and stricken, weak, helpless and impotent. Why was I treated thus? My brain reeled in seeking a reply to this query. At last I could bear it no longer, and my soul cried out to God to let me die, too.

A third dreary night, and the day broke once again. I was still prostrate. The dull pain at my heart, the yearning for my little children, was becoming unbearable, but I was dumb.

Suddenly the door opened and Doctor Humphreys entered. He walked silently to my bedside, felt my pulse, and without a word left the room. A few minutes later I heard the tramp of many feet coming upstairs. They stopped at the door. The nurse advanced, and a crowd of men entered. One of them stepped to the foot of the bed and addressed me as follows:

"Mrs. Maybrick, I am superintendent of the police, and I am about to say something to you. After I have said what I intend to say, if you reply, be careful how you reply, because whatever you say may be used as evidence against you. You are in custody on suspicion of causing the death of your late husband, James Maybrick, on the eleventh instant." I made no reply, and the crowd passed out.

A Prisoner in Her Own House

WAS I going mad? Did I hear myself accused of poisoning my husband? Why did not his brothers, who said they had his confidence, tell the police what all his intimate friends knew, that he was an arsenic eater? Why was I accused? I who had nursed him assiduously day and night until my strength gave out; who had engaged trained nurses, and advised a consultation of physicians, and had done all that lay in my power to aid in his recovery? To whom could I appeal in my extreme distress?

I lay ill and confined to my bed, with two professional nurses attending me, and with a policeman stationed in my room, although there was not and could not be the slightest chance of my escaping. The officer would not permit the door to be closed day or night, and I was denied in my own house, even before the inquest, the privacy accorded to a convicted prisoner. I asked that a cablegram be sent to my lawyers in New York. Inspector Baxendale read it, and then said he did not consider it of importance and should not send it. I then implored Doctor Humphreys to ask a friendly lawyer, Mr. R. S. Cleaver, of Liverpool, to come out to see me. After some delay he obtained a permit to enter the house and undertook to represent me.

The fourth day came and went. On the fifth day, May 16, the stillness of the house was broken by the sound of hushed voices and hurrying footsteps.

"Nurse," I exclamed, when I could no longer bear the feeling of oppression that possessed me, "is anything the matter?"

She turned, and in a harsh voice replied:

"The funeral starts in an hour."

"Whose funeral?" I asked.

"Your husband's," the nurse exclaimed; "but for you he would have been buried on Tuesday."

I stared at her for a moment, and then, trembling from head to foot, got out of bed and commenced with weak hands to dress myself. The nurse looked alarmed, and came forward.

"Stand back!" I cried. "I will see my husband before he is taken away."

She placed herself in front of me; I pushed her aside, and confronted the policeman at the door.

"I demand to see my husband; refuse me at your peril; the law does not permit a person to be treated as guilty until she is proven so."

He hesitated, and then said, "Follow me." With tottering steps, supported by the nurse, I was led into the adjoining room. Upon the bed stood the coffin covered with white flowers. It was already closed. I turned to the policeman and the nurse. "Leave me alone with the dead." They refused. I then knelt down at the bedside, and God in His mercy spared my reason by granting me, there and then, the first tears which days of suffering had failed to bring. Death had wiped out the memory of many things. I was thankful to remember that I had stopped divorce proceedings, and that we had become reconciled for the children's sake. Calmed, I arose and returned to my room. I sat down near a window, still weeping. Suddenly a harsh voice broke on my ears: "If you wish to see the last of the husband you have poisoned you had better stand up. The funeral has started." I stumbled to my feet, and clutched at the window-sill, where I stood rigid and tearless until the hearse had passed out of sight, and then I fainted.

When I had recovered consciousness I asked why my mother had not been sent for. No answer was made, but a tardy summons was sent to her at Paris. When she arrived she came to me at once. What a meeting! She kissed me, and was speaking a few loving words in French, when the nurse interposed and said, "You must speak in English," and the policeman joined in with "I warn you, madame, that I shall write down all you say," and he produced paper and pencil. I then begged my mother to go into Liverpool to see Messrs. R. S. Cleaver & Co., who represented me, and they would give her all the information she required; and then I cried out in the bitterness of my heart, "Mother, they all believe me guilty, but I swear to you I am innocent." That night I had a violent attack of hysteria. Two nurses and the policeman held me down, and when my mother, outraged by his presence, wished to take his place and send him from the room, Nurse Wilson became insolent and turned her out.

At Walton Jail

THE next morning, Saturday, the eighteenth of May, Doctor Hopper and Doctor Humphreys visited me, to ascertain whether I was in a condition to admit of formal proceedings taking place in my bedroom. In a few minutes they gave their consent. The magistrates and others then came upstairs.

There were present Colonel Bidwell, Mr. Swift (clerk), Superintendent Bryning, and my lawyers, the Messrs. Cleaver, Doctor Hopper and Doctor Humphreys. I was fully conscious, but too prostrate to make any movement. Besides those in the room, there were seated outside the policeman and the nurse. Superintendent Bryning, who had taken up his position at the foot of the bed, said: "This person is Mrs. Maybrick, charged with causing the death of the late James Maybrick. She is charged with causing his death by administering poison to him. I understand that her consent is given to a remand, and therefore I need not introduce nor give evidence."

Mr. Swift: "You ask for a remand for eight days?"

Mr. Arnold Cleaver: "I appear for the prisoner."

Colonel Bidwell: "Very well; I consent to a remand. That is all."

These gentlemen then departed. The police were in such a hurry to prefer the formal charge, they could not wait until the doctors should certify that I was in a fit state to be taken to the court in the ordinary way. The nurse then told me I must get up and dress. I prayed that my children might be sent for to bid me good-by—but I was peremptorily refused. I begged to gather together some necessary personal apparel, only to meet with another refusal. I was hurried away with such unseemly haste that even my hand-bag with my toilet articles was left behind. My mother implored to be allowed to say good-by, but she was refused. She went up to her bedroom, she tells me, which looked out on the front, to try to see my face as they put me into the carriage, and they turned the key and locked her in. After I had gone a policeman unlocked the door.

After a two-hours' drive we arrived at Walton Jail, in the suburbs of Liverpool. I shuddered as I looked at the tall, gloomy building. A bell was ringing, and the big iron gates swung back and allowed us to pass in. I was received by the governor and immediately led away by a female warder. We crossed a small courtyard and stopped at a door which she unlocked and relocked. Then we passed down a narrow passage to a door that led into a dark, gloomy room termed the "Reception." A bench ran around each side, a bare wooden table stood in the middle, a weighing-machine by the door, with a foot measure beside it. A wardress asked me to give up any valuables I had in my possession. These consisted of a watch, two diamond rings and a brooch. They were entered in a book. Then I was asked to stand upon the weighing-machine, and my weight was duly noted. These formalities completed, I was led through a building into a cell especially set apart for sick

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Editor's Note—Mrs. Maybrick was born in Mobile, Alabama, September 3, 1862. Her great-great-grandmother was Sarah Phillips Thurston, whose brother, John Phillips, founded Phillips Academy at Exeter, and whose nephew, Samuel Phillips, founded Phillips Academy at Andover.

Mrs. Maybrick's grandfather was Darius Blake Holbrook, the first president of the Illinois Central Railroad. He was associated with Cyrus Field in laying the first Atlantic Cable.

This is the second installment of Mrs. Maybrick's own story. The third will appear next week.

prisoners. The escort locked me in, and, utterly exhausted, stricken with a sense of horror and degradation, I sank upon the stone floor, reiterating until consciousness left me, "Oh, my God, help me—help me!"

When I opened my eyes I was in bed and alone. I gazed around. At the bedside was a chair with a china cup, containing milk, and a plate of bread upon it. The cell was bare. The light struggled in dimly through a dirty, barred window. The stillness was appalling, and I felt benumbed—a sense of terrible oppression weighed me down. If only I could hear once more the sound of a friendly voice! If only some one would tell whose diabolical mind had conceived and directed suspicion against me!

Proceedings of the Coroner's Jury

I REMAINED in the cell three days, when my lawyer visited me. He arranged that I was to have a room especially set apart for prisoners awaiting trial who can afford to pay five shillings ($1.25) weekly, for the additional comfort of a table, an armchair and a washstand. Had I not been able to do so I should have been consigned to an ordinary prison cell, and my diet would have been the same as that of convicted prisoners. Instead, my food was sent from a hotel outside. I was locked in this room for twenty-two hours out of the twenty-four. The only time I was permitted to leave it was for chapel in the morning and an hour's exercise in the afternoon in the prison yard. The stillness, unbroken by any sound from the outside world, got on my nerves, and I wanted to scream, if only to hear my own voice. The unnatural confinement, without any one to speak to, was torture. The governor, the doctor and the chaplain, it is true, came around every morning, but their visits were of such short duration, and so formal in their nature, that it was impossible to derive much relief from conversation with them.

On the twenty-eighth of May the coroner's inquest was held; but I was not well enough to attend. I was represented by my legal advisers. On the third of June I was still too ill to appear before the court. Mr. W. S. Barrett, as magistrate, accompanied by Mr. Swift, the clerk, held a magisterial court at Walton Jail. Mr. Cleaver was not present, having consented to the police obtaining another remand for a week. Only one newspaper reporter was allowed to be present. I was accompanied to the visitors' room by a female warder and silently took a seat at the foot of a long table. I was quite composed. Superintendent Bryning rose from his seat at the end of the room and said:

"This person, sir, is Mrs. Maybrick, who is charged with the murder of her husband at Aigburth on the eleventh of last month. I have to ask that you remand her until Wednesday."

Mr. Swift: "Mr. Cleaver, her solicitor, has sent me a note in which he consents to a remand until Wednesday."

Mr. Barrett: "If there is no objection she will be remanded until Wednesday morning."

The magistrate then signed the document authorizing the remand, and I withdrew. On the fifth of June the adjourned inquest was held, and I was taken from jail at half-past eight in the morning to the coroner's court in a cab, accompanied by Doctor O'Hagan, a female attendant and a policeman. I was taken into the anteroom for the purpose of being identified by the witnesses of the prosecution. I was not taken into court, but at three o'clock Mr. Holbrook Gaskell, a magistrate, attended for the purpose of granting another remand, pending the result of the inquest, and again no evidence was given in my presence. I was taken to the County Police Station, Lark Lane. I passed the night in a cell which contained only a plank board as a bed. It was dark, damp, dirty and horrible. A policeman, taking pity on me, brought me a blanket to lie on. In the adjoining cell, in a state of intoxication, two men were raving and cursing throughout the night. I had no light—there was no one to speak to. I was kept there three days, until the coroner's jury had returned their verdict. A greengrocer near by, named Mrs. Pretty, to whom I had occasionally given orders for fruit, sent me in a daily gift of her best with a note of sympathy—a deed all the more striking in its generosity and nobleness, since the charity of none other of my own sex had reached to that degree of justice to regard me as innocent until proven guilty.

On the sixth of June I was driven again to Garston to hear the coroner's verdict. There was an elaborate array of lawyers, reporters and witnesses as well as spectators.

I waited in the anteroom until the coroner's jury had summed up. The jury consisted mostly of gentlemen who at one time had been guests in my own house. Of all these former friends there was only one who had the moral courage to approach me and shake my hand. Throughout the time I sat awaiting the call to appear before the coroner he remained beside me, speaking words of encouragement.

When my name was called a dead hush pervaded the court, and the coroner said:

"Have you agreed upon your verdict, gentlemen?"

The Foreman: "We have."

Q. "Do you find that death resulted from the administration of an irritant poison?"

A. "Unanimously."

Q. "Do you say by whom that poison was administered?"

A. "By twelve to one we decide that the poison was administered by Mrs. Maybrick."

Q. "Do you find that the poison was administered with the intent of taking life?"

A. "Twelve of us have come to that conclusion."

The Coroner: "That amounts to a verdict of murder."

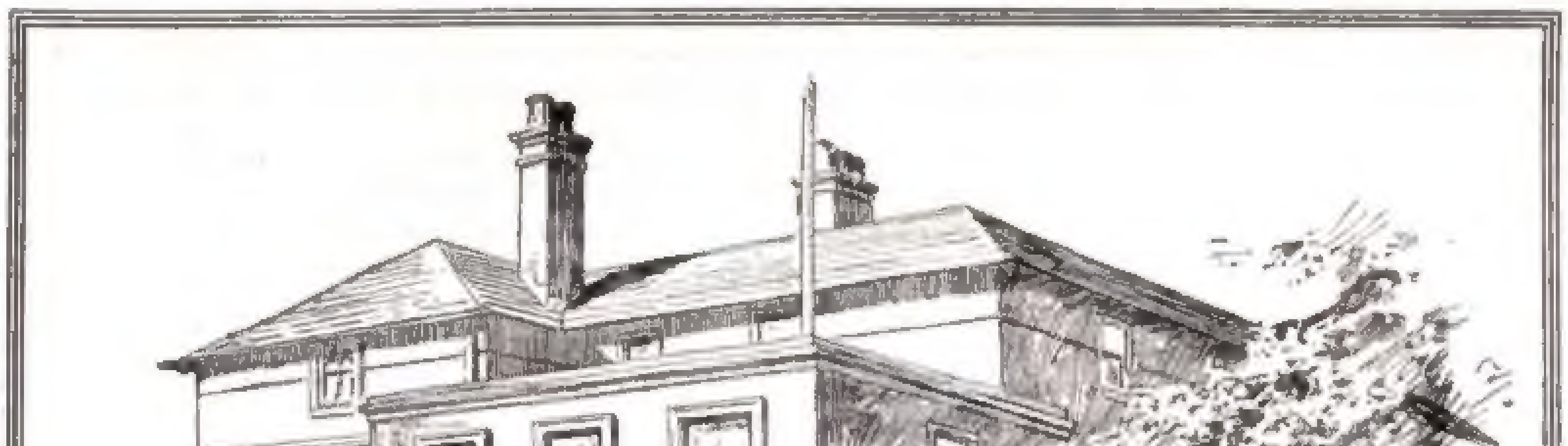
Then the requisition was made out in the following terms:

"That James Maybrick, on the eleventh of May, 1889, in the township of Garston, died from the effects of an irritant poison administered to him by Florence Elizabeth Maybrick, and so the jurors say that the said Florence Elizabeth Maybrick did willfully, feloniously and of malice aforethought kill and murder the said James Maybrick."

I was then driven back to the Lark Lane Police Station, locked up and remained the night. The next day I returned to Walton Jail.

On the thirteenth of June I was brought before the magistrates, and for the first time evidence was given in my presence. I had been driven over to the courthouse the evening before, and had passed the night there in charge of a policeman's daughter, who remained in the room with me. Her father kept watch on the other side of the door. That night, on going to bed, as I knelt weary and lonely to say my prayers, I felt a hand on my shoulder, and a tearful voice said softly: "Let me hold your hand, Mrs. Maybrick, and let me say my prayers with you." A simple expression of sympathy, but it meant so much to me at such a time.

At half-past eight I was taken to a room adjoining the court, where, in charge of a female warder and a policeman, I awaited my call. I then passed into the court, and two magistrates, Sir William B. Forwood and Mr. W. S. Barrett, sat officially to hear the evidence. When the testimony had been given the court adjourned.



BATTERSEA HOUSE, AIGBURTH, THE MAYBRICKS' HOME

When I rose to leave the court in order to reach the door I had to meet face to face well-dressed women spectators at the back, and the moment I turned around these started hissing me. The presiding justice immediately shouted to the officer on duty to shut the door, while the burly figures of several policemen, who moved toward the hostile spectators, effectually put an end to the outburst. It was amid such scenes and this kind of preparation for my ordeal that on the following day, the fourteenth of June, the magisterial inquiry was resumed, and the evidence connected with the charge of murder gone into. On conclusion of the testimony the magistrates retired, and after a brief consultation they returned to the courtroom, when the following formalities were gone through:

Sir William Forwood: "Our opinion is that this is a case which ought to be decided by jury."

Mr. Pickford (my counsel): "If that is clearly the opinion of the Bench I shall not occupy their time by going into the defense now, because I understand whatever defense may be put forward the Bench may think it right for a jury to decide."

The Chairman: "Yes, we think so."

I was then ordered to stand up, and formally charged in the usual manner.

I replied: "I reserve my defense."

Sir William Forwood made answer: "Florence Elizabeth Maybrick, it is our duty to commit you to take your trial at the ensuing Assizes for willful murder of the late James Maybrick." I was then remanded into custody.

Lord Russell's Letter to Mrs. Maybrick

I FOUND it difficult to understand why these magistrates committed me to trial for murder on that evidence. There was certainly not sufficient evidence that the cause of death was arsenic. The doctors could not say so. The analyst had found no arsenic in the stomach, the appearance of which at the post-mortem, Doctor Humphreys said, was consistent with either poisoning or ordinary congestion of the stomach. He found a minute quantity of arsenic, after examination, in the liver—certainly not enough to cause death—the appearance of which, Doctor Humphreys testified, showed no evidence of any irritant poison, and Doctor Carter agreed with Doctor Humphreys, but "in a more positive manner," and Doctor Barron did not exactly agree with Doctor Carter. The analyst had found arsenic and traces of arsenic in some bottles and things which had been found in the house after death—where they came from or who had put them there no one knew. And it was on this utterly inadequate evidence I was committed.

Justice Stephen, in addressing the grand jury, thus early showed a predisposition against me, due at this time, no doubt, to the sensational reports in the press. A true bill was found, and I was brought before him for trial on the thirty-first of July.

The intervening six weeks to my trial were very terrible. The mental strain was incessant, and I suffered much from insomnia. The life and confinement were telling on my health, as was the separation from my children. I insert here a brief extract from a letter, written from Walton Jail to my mother, dated the twenty-first of July, 1889, a few days before my trial took place:

> I am not feeling very well. This fearful strain and the necessity for continued self-control is beginning to tell upon me. But I am not in the least afraid. I shall show composure, dignity and fortitude to the last.

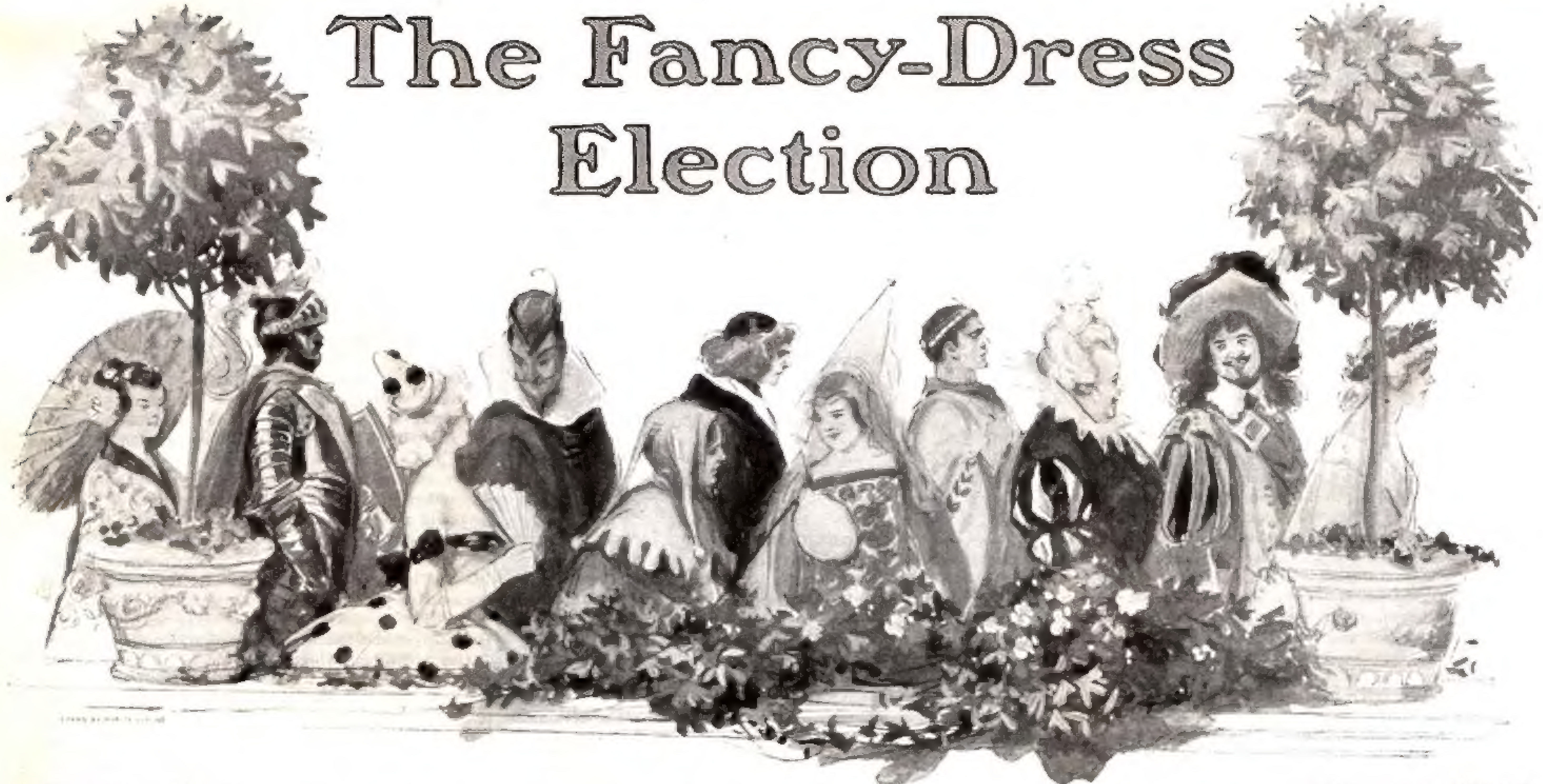
I received many visits from my lawyers, the Messrs. Cleaver, and just before the trial one from my leading counsel, Sir Charles Russell, later Lord Russell of Killowen, Lord Chief Justice of England. The following statement made by him relative to this visit may interest my readers:

> I will make no public statement of what my personal belief is as to Mrs. Maybrick's guilt or innocence, but I will tell you, who have stood by her all these years, that, perplexed with the instructions in the brief, I took what was an unusual step: I went to see her in prison before her trial and questioned her there to the best of my ability for the purpose of getting the truth out of her. During the whole seven days of her trial I made careful observation of her demeanor, and since her imprisonment I have availed myself of my judicial right to visit her at Aylesbury Prison; and, making the best use of such opportunities of arriving at a just conclusion about her own self-consciousness, I decided in my own mind that it never for a moment entered her mind to do any bodily injury to her husband. On the last occasion that I saw her I told her so, as I felt it would and did give the poor woman some comfort.

The day preceding my trial found me calm in spirit and in a measure prepared for the awful ordeal before me. Up to that time I had shown a composure that had astonished every one. Indeed, some went so far as to say I was without feeling. Perhaps I was toward their kind. I would have responded to sympathy, but never to distrust. At that time I was suspected by all—or, rather, people were not sufficiently just to content themselves with suspicions; they condemned me outright and unheard.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

The Fancy-Dress Election



By George Randolph Chester

IT WAS Cholmondeley Gildering who had the happy idea. Chummy's the deuce and all of a fellow that way, don't you know. He's the chap who made such a tremendous breeze at Newport with the twenty-dog team hitched to his stanhope, and that gave the surf luncheon with all the guests in bathing-suits and the courses served on floating tables by professional swimmers, and that made an afternoon round of calls in a hearse, and oh, no end of things like that—things that make a fellow looked up to as a leader. Really a brilliant chap.

Well, we hadn't had anything worth while in two weeks, not even a ripping good scandal nor anything like that, you see, so what does Chummy do but get this stunning new idea.

"Jove!" says he—I was sitting right by him at the club and heard him myself; I'm always to be found somewhere near Chummy, he's so deucedly clever, you know. "Jove!" says Chummy. "Since we had that lawyer chap incorporate Billiondale for us, we ought to have a Mayor!"

"What's the blooming use?" asks Harry King, lounging over from the billiard-table.

"Why, it's the regular thing," answers Chummy. "They all have them to—to—well, to enforce the laws and that sort of thing."

"But what's the law got to do with Billiondale?" asks Harry.

There never was a chap like Harry to ask bone-hard questions. I suppose that if he had been born poor he'd have been one of these lawyer fellows himself. This time he even had Chummy stumped, because, after all, you know, when you come to think of it, what *had* the law got to do with Billiondale?

But when Chummy once gets an idea he goes through with it.

"Let's have a Mayor, anyway," says he, not stopping to argue the point.

It was Harry's next shot, so he went over to the table and ran down twelve points and came back.

"Well, have a Mayor, then," says he, willing to be obliging. "We'll instruct the steward to go into the city to-morrow and bring us back the best one he can find."

"No, but I say, what I'm thinking of is to have an election," objects Chummy. "You know we've never had one, and it seems to me it might be made jolly good fun."

"And vote?" asks Algy Dollaby; and when Algy pays attention you might know there is something quite extraordinary, because he is a very gentlemanly sort who prides himself on his repose, and can stand looking out of a window on nothing at all for hours at a stretch.

"And vote!" says Chummy as calmly as if he had not just proposed such a tearing idea.

Well, you may believe there was a breeze then. None of our fellows had ever voted, but if Chummy was at the head of it they knew there was some sort of good sport to come, and they crowded around him right away.

"But for whom are we to vote?" asks Harry King.

"For me, I hope," says Chummy. "I'm thinking of running for Mayor against some other one of you fellows, and I'll wager a thousand I win."

"I'll wager you!" declares Harry, who is a tremendous sort of a fellow for making up his mind in a hurry—really he is. "I'm going to run against you, and we'll start right at once." And he was so excited he actually took down his coat and put it on himself, without stopping to bathe his hands.

Peyson Tyler, who had been playing the match game with Harry, put up his cue.

"What shall we do about the stakes in this game?" puts in Peyson—thoughtful sort of a chap, you know: never forgets anything.

"Oh, give the stakes to the table boy," says Harry. "I understand he's got a widowed mother or something or other unpleasant that way. When is election day, Chummy?"

"I heard my governor say last night that it was only a month off," answers Chummy. "He's got some sort of a game in it, I believe, putting a man up for Governor or Senator or something, against the X. Y. & Z. Railroad crowd's man, or something or other like that, don't you know."

"A month's too long to keep up any interest in the game, *I* say," decides Harry, shaking his head. "Why not do it right now?"

"Deuced good idea," says Chummy. "Suppose we hold the election a week from this coming Friday night."

And so it was settled. The news was spread that night at Mrs. Flirterly's cow dinner, where the cows, all trimmed up with ribbons and roses, were led around the tables and milked for the coffee—a ripping clever surprise, because we had been kept wondering, all through the dinner, where the cow part came in.

Jove! It created a tremendous sensation when the announcement was made that Chummy and Harry were to have an actual election, a regular campaign, with polls and ballots and badges and genuine voting, and maybe an election scandal if they could work one up, and all that sort of thing, you know. As Mrs. Flirterly said, it was so delightfully common and vulgar that it was a wonder some bright genius like Chummy hadn't thought of it before.

Both the candidates went right to work, and each of them, the very next day at the club, chose a campaign committee. They had separate luncheon-tables and talked in whispers, even when they gave their orders to the waiters, and the fellows could already see it was going to be slashing good fun—perhaps the rippingest novelty going since Mrs. Bonniebell gave her divorce house-party, with no one invited, you know, except couples who were applying for divorce, and the people they intended to marry afterward.

Well, after their committee meetings Chummy and Harry got into their motor-cars and made a run into the city, and when they came back they each had a man with them. Harry's fellow was one of those speechmaking chaps with a wide mouth and thin lips and a deep, heavy voice, and Harry said he got him on the advice of his father's own Senator, so he had a lot of confidence in him. Harry introduced him to the committee over a case of wine, and the first thing this chap said showed them what a splitting big task they had undertaken.

"By the way, Mr. King," says the chap, "I forgot to ask which side of the fence you are on."

"Beg pardon?" says Harry.

"Your politics, you know," explains the chap. "Which are you—Republican or Democrat?"

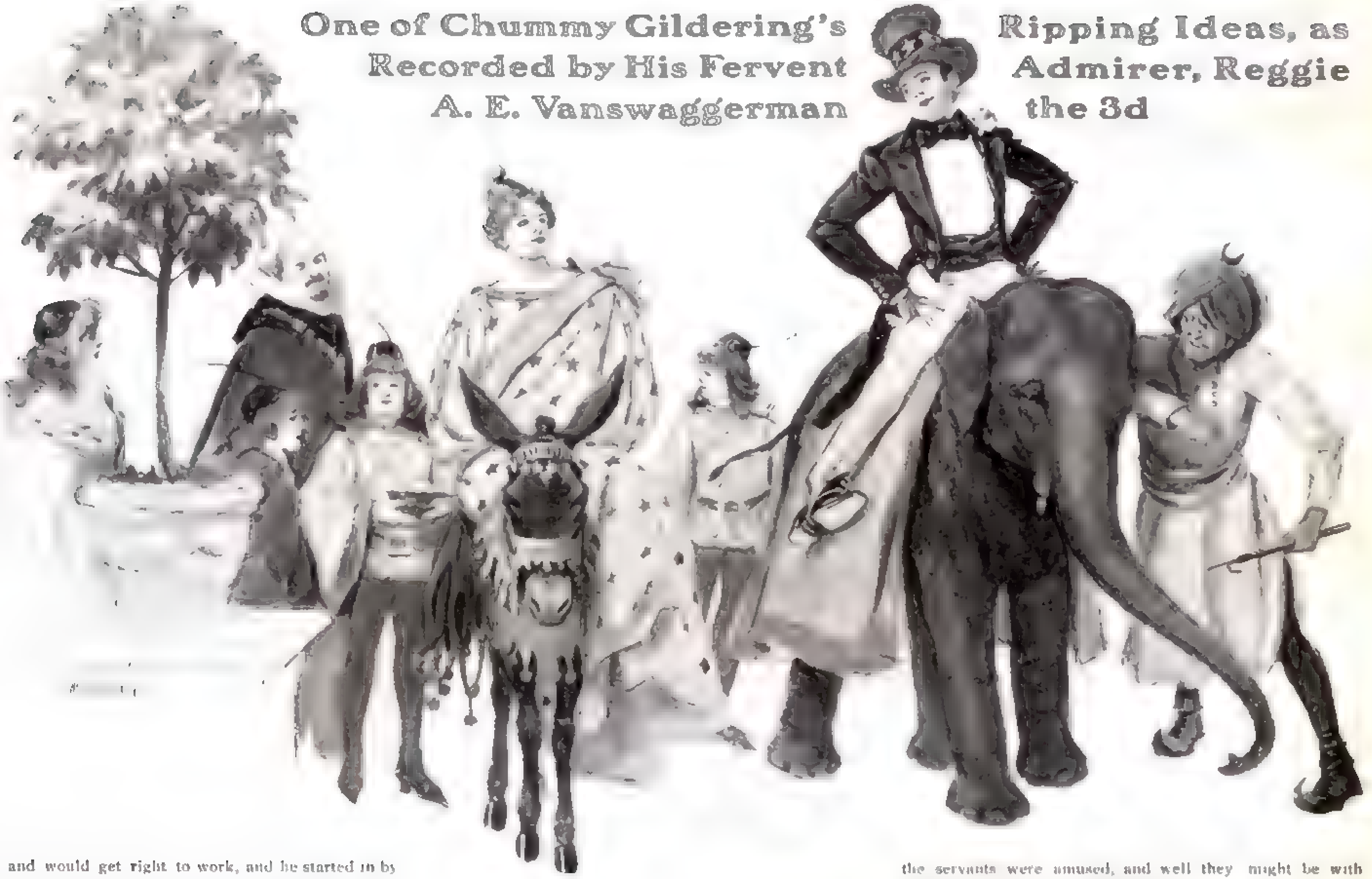
"Oh," says Harry, not knowing just what to answer, for this was a regular facer. It would have been to any of us. "Dashed if I know," he had to tell the chap at last. "Have it whichever way you like."

"It really makes no difference to me," says the speechmaking chap. "I can prove that either side is wrong, but I'd rather you made your own choice. You might ask your father what you are. That's the way most people find out their politics in this country. They inherit it and grow up to it."

"No use asking my governor," declares Harry, shaking his head. "He's both sides, whichever way he can get what he's after, don't you know. But I've got a really bright idea. If you will excuse me a moment I'll go over and ask Chummy which side he prefers, and I'll be the other thing."

He went over to Chummy's table, but Chummy didn't know any more about it than he did, so they tossed a coin for it, and Harry came back and said he was a Democrat. Seemed to take a great deal of pride in it, too, now that the matter was settled. The speechmaking person said he was

One of Chummy Gildering's Ripping Ideas, as Recorded by His Fervent Admirer, Reggie A. E. Vanswaggerman the 3d



satisfied and would get right to work, and he started in by getting most amusingly intoxicated.

Chummy's man said that he was a "ward worker," whatever that is, and he was quite a low sort of person, with a thick jaw and a hoarse voice and great, coarse hands; but he was most interesting, too, don't you know, and when he also got intoxicated the fellows took him and the speechmaking chap up into the gymnasium and let them fight to a finish. It was ever so much more fun than the dog fights and cocking mains we had been having, and we congratulated Chummy and Harry on providing such smashing good sport, Chummy especially, for it all grew out of his idea. Of course, Chummy's man whipped and he won quite a pot on him, besides making Harry's man useless for the next three days. We all considered that Chummy had a point the better of the campaign so far, and all the fellows began to get really quite excited.

Chummy's man was no end busy during that three days, but he was very mysterious about it and Chummy let him have his own way without any questions, because the person Chummy got him of in the city—quite a big gun for that class of people, I believe—chap that says who shall be elected and who shall not in New York, don't you know—told Chummy that the man was an expert and would do the work. He came to Chummy every morning and got his pockets filled with ten-dollar gold pieces, but it seemed he didn't know his business so jolly well, after all—most ignorant sort of a person, indeed, as it turned out—because, when he hunted up Chummy on the third day, he turned in a most silly report.

CAUGHT THE FELLOW
RIGHT BACK
OF THE EAR

Chummy was calling on Mrs. Flirterly at the time, and, as he had left word where he was to be found, this ward person went over and Mrs. Flirterly had him brought up. The ward fellow didn't want to talk in front of her at first, but she told him to speak right out, as she was on the campaign committee, which she was, don't you know.

"All right, ma'am," says the person. "I just want to say that if Mr. Gildering will capture his half of the swells he's elected, because I've got all the rest of the town bought for him, safe and sound."

"Beg pardon?" gasps Mrs. Flirterly.

"By Jove!" exclaims Chummy, and no wonder. "You don't mean to say, my good fellow, that you thought the butlers and the coachmen and the hostlers and *that* sort were going to vote, do you?"

"Why not?" replies the person. "This is their home, and they've got a right to vote. You can't keep them from it!"

"You might as well go back to the club and amuse yourself if this is all you could do," says Chummy. "The idea of the servants voting! So deucedly absurd!"

"How very amusing!" says Mrs. Flirterly. "Why, we're going to make quite a function of it, an awfully exclusive, fancy-dress affair and all that, right here in my house, with Mr. Gildering and Mr. King as hosts. And to fancy my maid, say, coming in to vote!" She had a good laugh over it, and it really was quite humorous.

"Why, the women can't vote, anyhow——" begins the ward person, but Mrs. Flirterly cuts him short.

"This is really going past the point of absurdity!" she exclaims. "And why are the ladies not to vote, if you please?"

"Oh, nothing," answers the ward person, and went right over to the club, where he had been made free for the week and got into such an unmanageable state of intoxication that it took all the attendants to put him to bed, and the half of them got black eyes by it. He was really a most interesting sort of a chap and no end of fun.

That was the end of the ward person's active work, but he had been worth the trouble, because this three days of campaigning among the servants was an episode that made no end of jolly talk and chaffing for weeks to come. Even the servants were amused, and well they might be with Chummy's money in their pockets.

The very day after this another unlooked for bother came up. The Board of Campaigns, or Elections, or something like that, don't you know, got wind of our election and had the effrontery to send a committee out from the city to see, as they said, "that all the legal requirements were complied with." Told us that the election would not be valid if we didn't hold it on the right day, and void if we didn't do this and that, and nullified if we did do this and that and the other blooming thing, until Chummy was really almost annoyed. But he'd had a little experience in dealing with this sort of people, so he asked them "how much" and had it all settled up in no time, with the promise of an equal amount in case no one else came out to bother about it. Even then he had to promise to send in some sort of a report to the Board of Elections—most any sort of a report; they'd fix it all right when it came—and to hold it back until the night of the regular elections.

Beastly lot of interference in this country, after all, when you come to think of it. And they call this the Land of Freedom!

Harry's speechmaking chap didn't do much better at first than Chummy's ward-working person. He tried a street speech or two, against Chummy's advice, but, of course, nobody would come to listen to him, and his speech at the club was a dreadful bore, because he would insist on talking a lot about the principles of the Republican and Democratic parties. It turned out, however, that the chap was a slashing good story-teller, and the fellows kept him busy at it for the rest of the week, so he really did do Harry's candidacy quite a bit of good, after all. He had a perfectly charming time, he said afterward, and never had the drinks come so fast for so long a time in his life.

After all, however, Chummy and Harry saw they would have to do the most of the campaigning themselves, so they got right at it to call on every one on the invitation list. They got their campaign committees, including Mrs. Flirterly and Mrs. Bonniebell, to follow them up with other calls, and by the time the week was up everybody on the invitation list was seen at least half a dozen times, and the interest positively grew to be almost thrilling. Not even those were missed who had accepted invitations from Baltimore and Washington and Philadelphia, and they all promised, very handsomely, to vote for whoever called on them. Sometimes Chummy and Harry met each other at the places they called and sometimes they went together, and, as they were both splendid entertainers, as much as gentlemen dare be, don't you know, and not be confused with professionals, their campaign was quite easily the most popular thing that had ever been done.

(Continued on Page [illegible])

ROSE OF THE WORLD

By Agnes and Egerton Castle

Authors of The Secret Orchard, The Bath Comedy, The Star Dreamer, Incomparable Bellairs, etc.

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CHAPTER IV

THE chief guest of the Lieutenant-Governor this evening was one Doctor Châtelard, a French *savant* of world-wide reputation, author of La Psychologie Féminine des Races. Scientist—he had begun his career as a doctor, had specialized in nervous complaints, narrowed his circle again to *les névroses des femmes;* and, after establishing a school of his own, had gradually (though scarcely past the middle life) retired from active practice and confined himself to studying, teaching and writing. The first volume of his Psychologie—under the distinctive heading, La Femme Latine—had created a sensation not only in the scientific world, where the author's really valuable contributions to observation and treatment could not fail to be recognized, but also among that selfsame irresponsible yet charming class which formed the subject-matter of his investigation. Here, indeed, the physician's light turn of wit, the palpitating examples he cited, with a discreet use of asterisks, set up a great flutter. Madame la Marquise was charmed when she recognized, or believed to recognize, *cette chère Comtesse* in a singularly eccentric case. Friends hunted for each other eagerly through the delicately veiled pages. Now and again a fair whilom patient would plume herself upon the belief that no other identity but her own could fit that of *Madame D——, cette exquise sensitive.* (M. Châtelard clung to style while he revolutionized science.) It is no wonder, perhaps, that the book should have had a greater vogue than the last scandalous novel. A second volume, L'Orientale, was in course of conception. Indeed, it was the occasion of that tour in the East which brought M. Châtelard to India and, incidentally, under Sir Arthur Gerardine's roof.

Sir Arthur was in his element. To condescend, to demonstrate, to instruct, was to the Governor as the breath of his nostrils; he prided himself upon the Attic character of his French; he was justly conscious that, judged even by the Parisian standard, the urbanity of his manners was beyond criticism. And to have the opportunity of displaying to the intelligent foreigner the splendors of a quasi-regal position, filled to the utmost capacity; the working of a superior mind (not unleavened by sparks of English wit that again need, certes, fear no comparison with French *esprit);* a cosmopolitan *savoir-faire;* the nicest sense of official dignity; the brilliant jargon of a brother writer; and last, but not least, perhaps, a young wife of quite extraordinary beauty . . . it would have been difficult to contrive a situation fraught with more satisfaction! The presence of a minor personality, such as that of Major Bethune, was no disturbing factor. Apart from the circumstance that Sir Arthur was large-minded enough to appreciate the admiration even of the humblest, there was a subtle thread of pleasure in the thought that "poor English's" friend should see and marvel at the good fortune that had fallen to the lot of "poor English's" widow; while the little halo of pathos and romance surrounding the memory of the fallen hero cast a reflected light upon his distinguished successor, which any temperament so sympathetic as that of the gifted Doctor Châtelard might easily be made to feel. A few well-chosen whispered words of sentiment over the second glass of claret at dessert—and there would be a pretty paragraph for the Frenchman's next letter to the Figaro. For it was well known that the series of brilliant weekly articles appearing in that paper under the title, "Les Impressions d'un Globe-trotteur," emanated from the traveler's facile pen.

Matters had progressed according to program. M. Châtelard, a pleasant, tubby man with a bald head, a cropped, pointed beard drawing upon grayness, a twinkling, observant eye, a sparkling readiness of repartee and an appreciative palate, fell duly under the charm of the genial Lieutenant-Governor. The latter figured, indeed, that same night in his manuscript as the most amiable representative of John Bull abroad that the *globe-trotteur* had yet had the good fortune to meet.

"Almost French," wrote the sagacious correspondent, "in charm of manner, in quickness of insight—thorough Anglo-Saxon, however, in the deepness of his policy, the solidity of his judgment, the unflinching decision with which he watches over the true interests of his Old England in this land of her ever-rebellious adopted sons. *Bien Anglo-Saxon*, too, in his ceaseless devotion to duty and stern acceptance of danger and responsibility. But he has received his recompense. These provinces of his are a model for all other colonies, and from one end to the other the name of Sir Gerardine is enough to make," etc., etc.

In very deed Sir Arthur had never been more brilliant, more convincing.

. . .

Coffee was served upon the terrace. Even the Governor could find no objection to this al-fresco adjournment upon such a night. A purple-blue sky throbbed with stars. Upon the one side the lights of the town gleamed, red and orange, far below, and its myriad night clamor seemed to emphasize the apartness of the uplifted palace; upon the other stretched the great flat, fertile, empty lands, still half-flooded, gleaming in the moonlight, widely still save for the occasional far-off cry of some prowling savage animal.

> *Etrange situation!* (wrote M. Châtelard, in his well known assertive rhetoric). *Nous étions là, élevés au-dessus de la plaine, dans cet antique palais, converti en résidence moderne mais tout imprégné des souvenirs de l'Orientalisme le plus prononcé. A nos pieds grouillait la ville Indoue, intouchable, inchangeable, telle qu'elle avait été avant que le pied du maître étranger y eut pénétré. Appuyé contre la balustrade de la terrasse, je laissais plonger mon regard à travers les ténèbres jusque dans la vallée où luisaient, mystérieuses, innombrables, les lumières de la cité et me disais en moi-même: Nous voici donc, petit comité de la race conquérante qui n'a pourtant pas conquis; de la civilisation Européenne la plus éclairée qui n'a rien su changer dans le fonds des choses là-bas! Oui, là bas, l'Orient va toujours son chemin sinistre et secret, inviolable par l'étranger; et toujours il en sera ainsi; toujours ces deux races, destinées à être conjointes sans être unies, traverseront les siècles comme deux courants puissants qui cheminent côte à côte sans jamais mélanger leurs ondes!*

While Sir Arthur and his guest exchanged the treasures of their minds with mutual satisfaction, Bethune sought to isolate Miss Cuningham, under the pretext of showing her from a particular corner of the terrace the tents of a new engineer camp. Baby was nothing loth. Her innocent cherub face looked confidingly forth upon him. Her light hair was spangled by the moon rays.

"Well?" said he, as soon as they were out of earshot.

The spangled mop began to fly.

"No use!"

He drew his brows together. "Did you try?"

"Did I try! Of course, at once—yesterday. Did I not promise?" The girl was reproachful. "She forbade me ever to speak of it again."

Bethune folded his arms, leaned them upon the balustrade, and turned a set profile toward the low-hanging moon.

"Then I must try again," he said after a pause.

Aspasia wished him to succeed; but something relentless in his looks filled her with a sort of fear of him, of pity for her aunt. He seemed as indifferent to human emotion, as immutable, she thought, as one of the stone gods that, cross-legged and long-eyed, in unfathomable inner self-satisfaction, had gazed forth from their niches in the temple walls below for unknown centuries upon the passing mortal throng.

Suddenly he turned and left her. Sir Arthur was now pacing the terrace with the globe-trotter, lucidly laying down the law of India, as interpreted by his own sagacity, his smoldering cigar making ruby circles in the night with every wave of an authoritative hand.

The second secretary, Mr. Simpson, to wit, was sitting by Lady Gerardine's side, effusively receiving each indifferent phrase that dropped from her lips. As Major Bethune advanced toward them the young civilian rose and drew away, with a crablike movement, in the direction of the abandoned Baby. Lady Gerardine clasped her hands together on her knees; the contraction of her heart, at this man's approach, painted her face ashen even in the pallid light. He took a seat—not Mr. Simpson's lowly stool, but one that placed him on a level with her; and then there came a little pause between them like the tension of the elements before the break of the storm. She had successfully avoided him the whole evening; but now she felt that further evasion was useless; and she waited, collecting her forces for the final resistance.

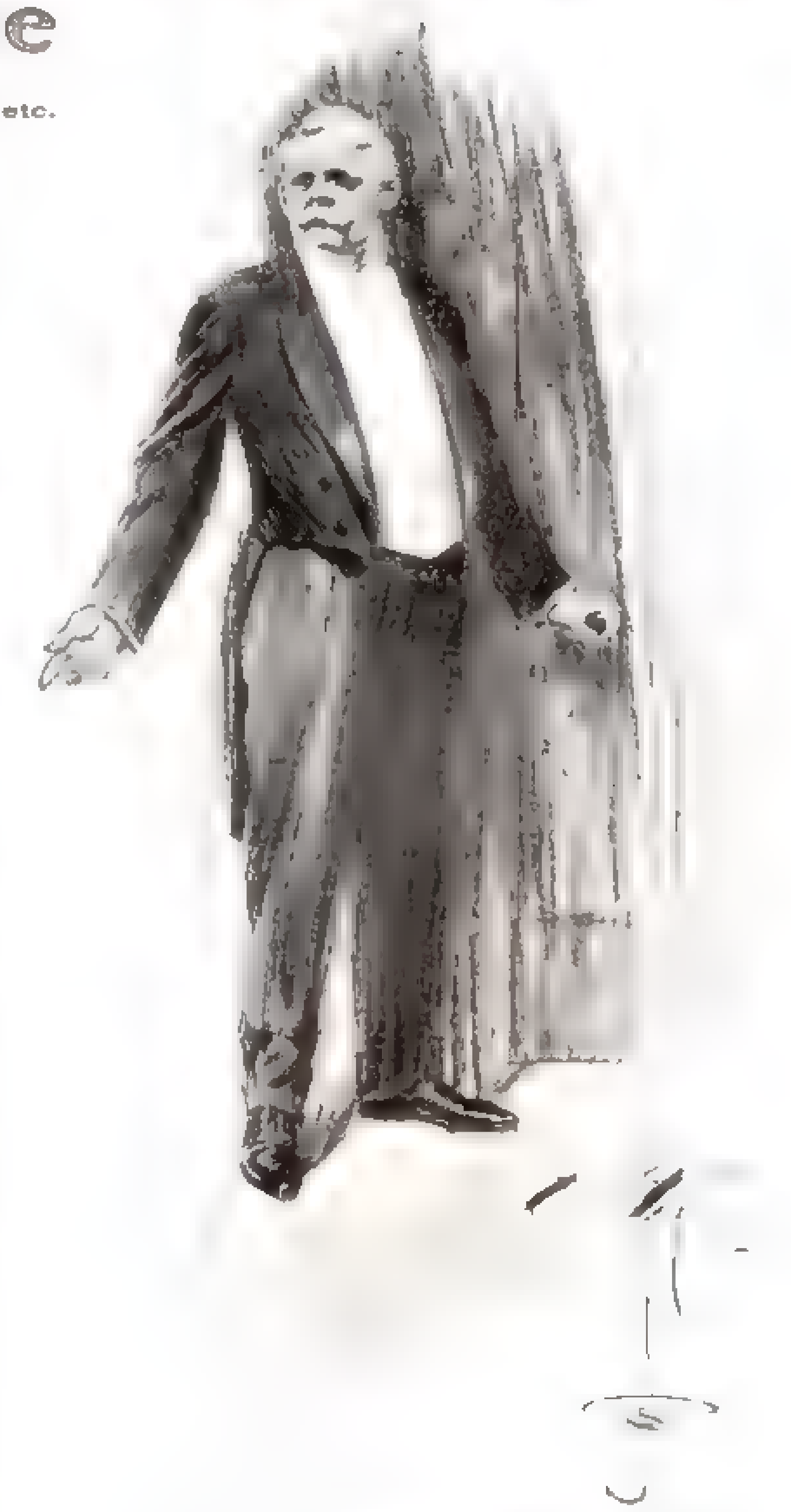
He went straight to the point:

"I hope you have reconsidered yesterday's decision. Perhaps you do not understand that this is a question of duty with me—of conscience."

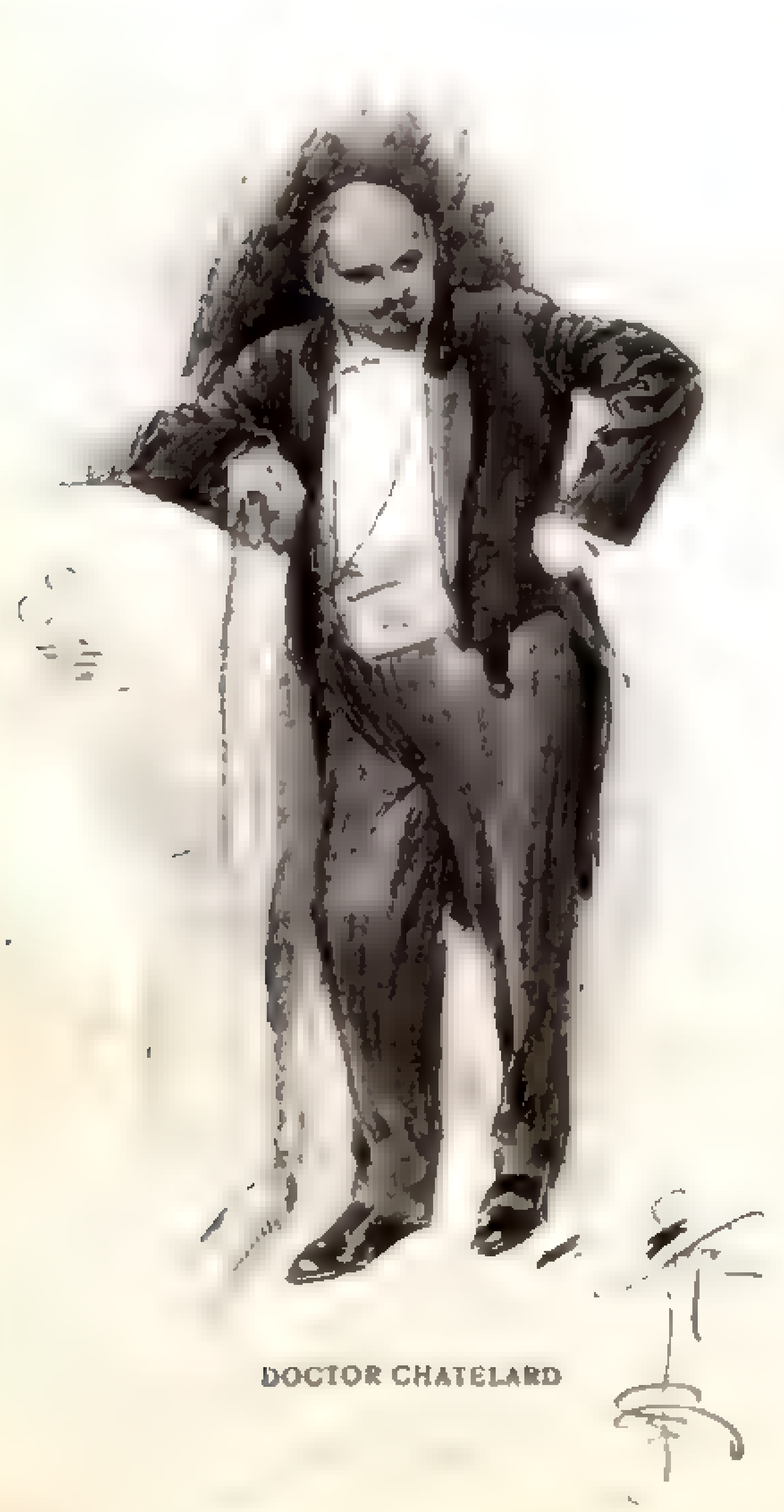
He was trying to speak gently.

"You have no responsibility in the matter," she answered.

"I cannot accept that point of view," he said, flashing into icy anger.



"JANI, YOUR MISTRESS MUST GO TO BED"



DOCTOR CHATELARD

She did not reply in words, but rose with a swift, haughty movement, unmistakably showing her resolve of closing the discussion once and forever. But in an instant he was before her, barring her way.

"Major Bethune," she exclaimed, "this is persecution!"

The blood rushed to her cheeks, her eyes flashed. For an instant she was roused to superlative beauty. Stronger became his conviction that here must be more than mere heartless caprice. Something of her emotion gained him.

"If you would only give me a reason!" he cried.

"It is impossible," she answered quickly. "Is it a thing to be asked for so easily, this raking up of the past? The past! is it not dead? My God—it is dead! What if I, for one, will keep it so?"

"That is no reason," he said cuttingly, "it is hardly an excuse."

She passed by him with long, swift steps and a rush of silken draperies. And thus, once more baffled, Baby found him, stonily reflecting. She stopped, promptly discarding her meek admirer.

"No success?"

"No success."

"You had better give it up," said Aspasia.

"I was never more determined not to give it up."

Baby looked exceedingly sympathetic, fluffy and engaging something like a sweet little night-owl, with her round, wide eyes and her pursed-up mouth. He suddenly caught one of her hands and held its soft palm closely between his own lean ones.

"Miss Cunningham," he said in an urgent whisper, "I know you can help me."

She stared at him. It would almost seem as if this strange being could read her vacillating thought. He saw her hesitate and bent to look into her eyes, while the pressure of his hand grew closer.

"And if you can help me you must. Remember your promise."

"Well, then," the girl became suddenly breathless, as if she had been running. She looked round over her shoulder. "I know it's beastly mean of me, but, there—you have only to make Uncle Arthur take it up. . . ."

"Ah!" The teeth shone out in his dark face. "I understand. Thank you."

But Baby was already gone. With crimson cheeks and a deep sense of guilt, she was running hastily away from the starry terrace and the great mysterious, jeweled Indian night, into the lighted drawing room. Here Lady Gerardine was quietly seated alone by a green-shaded lamp, reading her favorite, Thoreau. She looked up and smiled at Aspasia's flurried entrance, marked the quivering, flushed face.

"My dear," she exclaimed with a vague, amused laugh, "what has happened? Don't tell me that you have had to box George Murray's ears again!"

George Murray was Sir Arthur's first secretary, a young gentleman with a weakness for the fair sex, whose manners and morals had (in spite of M. Châtelard's theories of Western immunity) been considerably affected by the lax atmosphere of India. Aspasia had found it necessary, more than once, to put him in his place; and on the last occasion had confided to her aunt, with a noisy sigh, that if the Leschetizky method were to fail in the glorious musical results for which she had once fondly hoped, it had at least had the advantage of singularly strengthening the muscles of her arm.

She now stretched out her fingers, and, half-unconsciously, sketched a buffet in the air, then she shook her head.

"Oh, no, indeed! He has not looked the same side of the room as me since Saturday."

"Poor man, I am not surprised!"

"Serves him right!" said Aspasia, indefinite, but vindictive.

"It is not Mr. Simpson, surely?"

"Simpson?" echoed the girl with supreme contempt; "that little worm!"

"Who is it, then? For something, or some one, has upset you."

"Oh, I don't know! It's Major Bethune, I think. I don't believe he's canny. He has got such queer eyes."

Then, thinking she saw her aunt shudder, she gave her a remorseful hug, and flew to the piano to plunge into melodious fireworks.

With a sigh as of one oppressed, Lady Gerardine took up her book again and endeavored to absorb herself. For years she had successfully cultivated the faculty of leading her mind into peaceful places; but to-night there was no wandering forth with Thoreau's pure ghost into the whispering green woods he loved. Stormy echoes from the past were in her ears; relentless hands were forcing her back into the arid spaces where dwelt the abomination of desolation. Everything seemed to conspire against her, even Aspasia's music.

The girl's fingers had slid into a prelude of Chopin, and the familiar notes which she had been wont to reel off with the most perfect and heartless technique were now sighing—nay, wailing—under her touch.

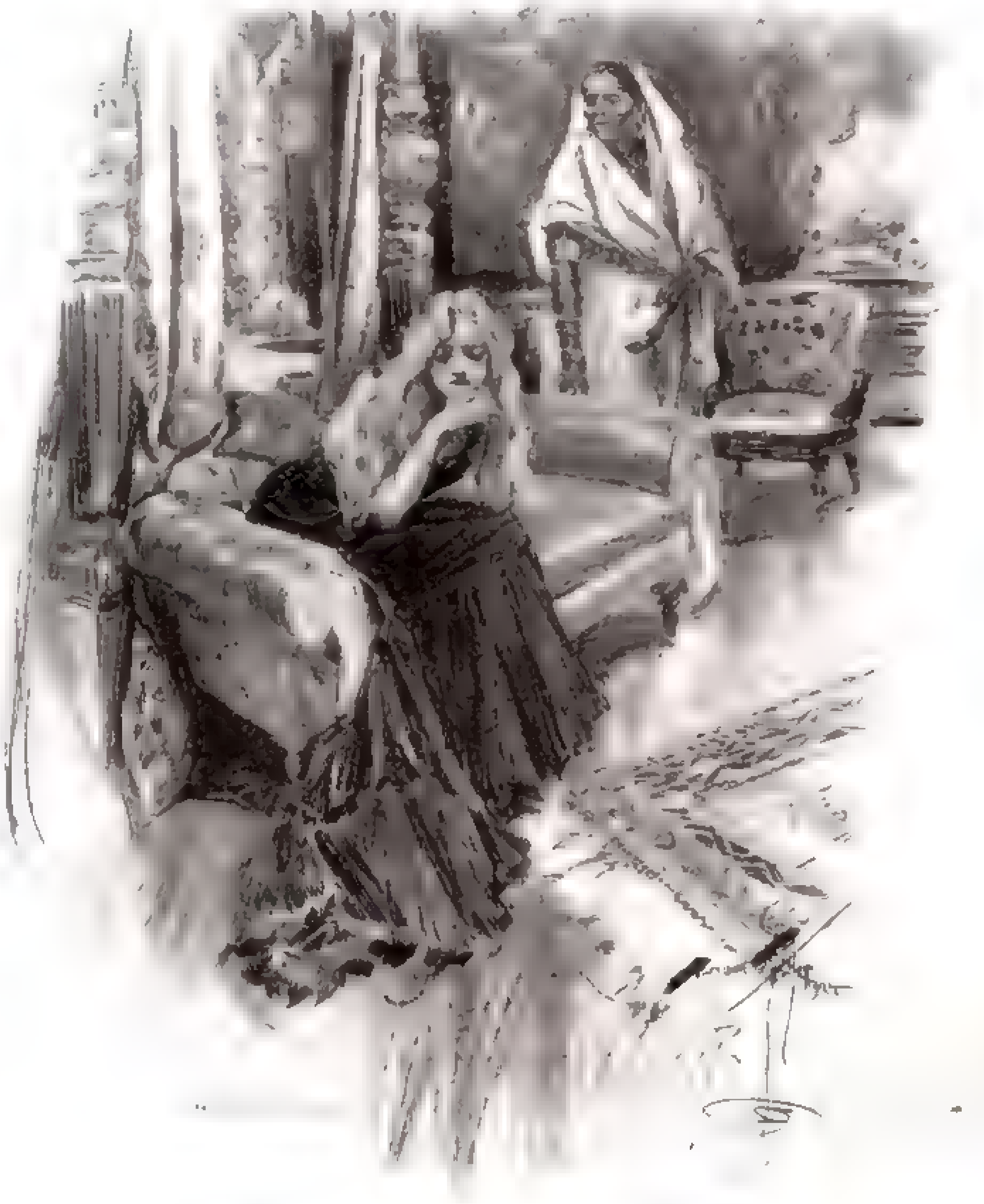
"Stop!" exclaimed Lady Gerardine, suddenly springing to her feet. "Oh, Baby, even you! What has come into your music to-night? You have betrayed me!" she said, and, bursting into tears, hurried from the room.

The girl's hands dropped in consternation from the keys. Never had she heard before to-day that ring in her aunt's voice, that cry of the soul. She did not dare follow the flying figure. "*You have betrayed me!*" . . . Little, indeed, could the poor soul guess how completely she had been betrayed!

CHAPTER V

DOCTOR CHATELARD expressed his desire to accompany the officer of Guides upon his homeward walk. It was part of his program to study the lesser as well as the great. And having, to his satisfaction, completed his psychological analysis of a ruler-in-chief, he told himself that half a page or so consecrated to one of the pawns in the great chess game of empire would not be without entertainment to his readers—especially as in the lean, taciturn Scotsman he believed to have lighted on the *type le plus net* of the "Anglo-Saxon" soldier.

With this idea in view he had watched his subject with the keenness of the collector already some time before his departure, and had been interested in a little scene between host and guest. With a purposeful yet respectful stride, Bethune had approached the Governor and addressed him in an undertone. Sir Arthur had listened, and responded with urbanity and condescension. Whereupon the officer had bowed in what seemed grateful acknowledgment; and, as he had turned away, the astute Frenchman had thought to read upon his countenance, saturnine as it was, a certain unmistakable satisfaction.



JANI WAITED AND NEVER EVEN MOVED A FINGER

Therefore, when they started on their way down to the town, the traveler could think of no better topic for opening the conversation with his dissimilar companion than praise of the official who had evidently just granted him some important request.

"A charming personality, our host, is he not?"

"No doubt."

Bethune's tone was discouraging—but these *diables d'Anglo-Saxons* (as M. Châtelard knew) wanted drawing out. So, undauntedly genial, he pursued.

"And one of your great politicians, *hein?* The square man in the square place, as you say."

This being a mere statement, Bethune did not feel called upon to reply; and M. Châtelard, amazed at a silence which he, with subtlety, interpreted as hostile, was fain to exclaim:

"Is it possible you do not think so?"

"I do not feel myself competent to judge," said Raymond Bethune.

"My faith," thought the other, "we do not make great progress at this rate. Let us try something more intimate. At least, my young friend," he went on aloud, "you have, I trust, yourself no cause to be dissatisfied with his Excellency. Some little demand you made of him to-night, did you not? Some matter concerning career, advancement?"

"My career, my advancement, are quite independent of Sir Arthur Gerardine's influence."

M. Châtelard pondered; was there not certainly something more than British reserve in the almost resentful tone—some deep-lying grudge that it would be piquant to find out?

"Why, then," he cried with much artful artlessness of candor. "Why, see how one can deceive one's self! Just now I would have sworn, from your attitude, despite your national phlegm, that you had solicited and been granted some personal favor."

"A personal favor, yes. Nothing connected with my service."

"A personal favor, *hein?*"

"If, indeed, you would reckon it a favor—a mere act of justice I regard it."

"Indeed, my dear sir. An act of justice?"

"The whole affair is one that could not interest you, M. Châtelard."

"My dear young man, all interests me. It is my trade to be interested—always."

They had reached the end of the palace grounds; and, by the lights of the flaring booths that were plastered against the walls, Bethune halted a second to survey the shrewd, kindly, expressive countenance, quivering with eager curiosity, at his shoulder.

His own features relaxed with that twinkle of the eyes which was his usual approach to a display of amusement. After all, why should he not gratify this note-taking traveler with his tale? There was no mystery about it; and a plain statement of the situation might serve to put order in his own ideas which had been troubled by Lady Gerardine's unreasonable and unexpected attitude.

"My business with Sir Arthur to-night is soon told——" He broke off abruptly. "You are, I understand, a sedulous observer. Did you happen to take any note of her Excellency, the Governor's wife?"

"Did I take any note of——" the sentence escaped M. Châtelard in a breathless way, as if the words had been knocked out of him, and ended in a little squeak. He drew back one step and contemplated the younger man in silence for a perceptible moment. "Did I notice her Excellency?" he repeated then in elaborately natural tones. "Why, my dear fellow, it would mean having no eyes not to notice her—one of the most beautiful women it has ever been my good fortune to see! In fact, to-night, still under the influence of the look in her eyes, I should say, my friend, *the* most beautiful! Lucky dog (as you say), your Governor!"

Bethune threw away the match with which he had been lighting his cigar, and blew a contemptuous puff.

"Before she married Sir Arthur," said he, "she was the wife of a comrade of mine. It is my desire, it is my intention, to write the life of that comrade. I require the cooperation of Lady Gerardine. She refused it to me. I went to Sir Arthur."

"You went to Sir Arthur," repeated the Frenchman in tones of one almost stunned with amazement.

"Yes," answered the officer gravely. "To make her accede to my request."

"And he——"

"Oh, he has promised to see that she does so at once."

For a while M. Châtelard was fain to proceed in silence, words failing him before so extraordinary a situation. As he went he regarded the Englishman with ever-increasing respect, admiration, not to say enthusiasm.

"*Voilà qui est raide . . . voilà qui est fort!*" he was saying to himself. "Was I not right to tell myself that there was something truly remarkable about this young man?

(Continued on Page 22)

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Our Real Rulers

WHEN a college professor says that Abraham Lincoln belonged to the mob one is naturally inclined to accept his subsequent observations with a certain reserve. Professor Barrett Wendell, of Harvard, holds this opinion, and he also believes that the mob, "made up of all lower classes," now rules our centres of population. "It is with a sense of the deepest humiliation," he has told the Society of Colonial Wars, "that I recognize that our great cities are governed by an alien people. It should be a duty of the society to work that the American may again resume his old position at the front."

The trouble with Professor Wendell is that he has been asleep for thirty years. He looks upon our cities with the eyes of the reformer of a generation ago, before we had learned to diagnose the real nature of our political ills

It used to be believed that the ignorant foreign voter created the boss and that the boss ruled our city governments. The wicked politician was at the bottom of our municipal corruption, and the way to get reform was to induce business men to take an interest in politics and run the government on "business principles."

Now we know that the ignorant foreign voter is only a two-spot in the game of politics and that the boss himself is nothing more than an ace. The player who handles boss and voter alike is the capitalist. While reformers have been talking about running the government on business principles he has been doing it. The great problem before the people of the United States to-day is how to divorce politics from that kind of business.

The great capitalist is usually an American. Therefore Professor Wendell's aspiration "that the American may again resume his old position at the front" has already been realized. Or, rather, the American has never lost that position. What reformers need to pray for now is that the American at the front may be endowed with a conscience.

Circumstantial Evidence

THE case of Adolph Beck—twice convicted in England for crimes committed by a man who looked somewhat like him—is stirring up the railers against circumstantial evidence. Just how they make out their case is not clear. The truth is that every essential point in the evidence—identifications, testimony as to acts and the like—was made by eyewitnesses. And Beck would never have been convicted had not the judge ruled out the circumstantial evidence—the fact that Beck's marks and measurements did not correspond with the marks and measurements of the man who had committed the first in the series of crimes.

For one wrongful conviction secured by improper use of circumstantial evidence there are a score secured by mistaken identification and unintentional or deliberate false testimony. Yet in face of this, in face of the every-day experience of everybody in the fallibility of his own and his fellowmen's senses and memory, the prejudice against circumstantial evidence and in favor of eyewitnesses survives This is part of that mystery whose greatest depth is the fact that persons known to be habitual liars—even printed persons of the press—are habitually believed, often, most confidingly by those who have caught them oftenest.

Fighting for Peace

IN ONE of his newspaper stories Mr. J. L. Williams tells of a cub reporter who came back from a meeting of a peace society and told the city editor that nothing happened "there was a disagreement about the minutes of the last meeting, and they spent the whole evening fighting about it." The city editor put his star reporter on the assignment, and he got out of it a column of delicious character and humor It is a tangled skein of human impulses out of which progress comes, and one that gives many an easy mark to the satirist

Von Moltke called the idea of universal peace "a dream—and not a beautiful dream, either!" Human progress is the result of a long struggle in which love and reason have been great powers but in which the last resort has always been to the right of might. The survival of the fittest means the subjection or death of the less fit. Von Moltke no doubt had this in mind when, expanding the epigram just quoted, he remarked that war is "an element of order in all civilized societies, without which men would relapse into weakness and decay."

Bacon called revenge "a sort of wild justice"—a justice that should be reduced to cultivation in the garden of the law; but there is as yet no land in which some wrongs may not be revenged. Southern countries still have their vendettas. Germany and France still tolerate the duel. In England and America few juries, or none, will punish the man who avenges the ruin of his home. In the life of nations are there not also matters so deep and vital that it is impossible to submit them to arbitration? From the legal point of view the South had every right to keep slaves, and it is still an open question whether she had not also the right to secede. Would it have been possible for the planter and the Union abolitionist to submit their passionate difference to arbitration? Yet nothing is clearer than that the garden of human emotion is becoming more and more cultivated. Vendettas are rarer; dueling, obsolete for half a century here and in England, is being attacked in its very stronghold of the German army. Even injured husbands are learning that bloodshed adds no dignity to sorrow and wrong.

As for this Babel of mundane nations, it will be æons before they are sufficiently agreed as to what is right, and unselfish enough in striving for it, to submit everything to the dictates of established law. And even if the globe were to become one harmonious parish, one peaceful police precinct, there are those of us who would long for the old rude struggle for self realization.

"If in the one hand," said the sturdy Lessing, "I were offered all wisdom and goodness, and in the other hand the power of fighting for it, I should prefer to fight."

Yet even Von Moltke believed in fighting not for the sake of bloodshed, but for an ideal. Like the society that disappointed the cub reporter, we are one and all waging warfare in obedience to our longing for the larger peace.

Beauty Farming

IN NORTHEAST Russia there is a philanthropist, one Reshetnikoff, a distiller, who has set out to improve the genus homo by means of scientific mating. Horses, cows and pigs, he says, are bred with the best results—why not men? He admits to his farm only those who are sound and beautiful of body, just and right in mind. A little while ago he passed the first milestone in progress when he arranged a marriage between two young people born and bred on his estate.

What he wants is to show the advantages of scientific human breeding, and make it the rule everywhere.

The idea is far from being as funny as it sounds. What Mr. Reshetnikoff is doing, as Mercutio might say, by the book of arithmetic, Nature has been doing everywhere, in her irregular but effective manner, from the beginning of time. It needs no beauty farmer to tell the belle of the village to look from the tail of her eye at the buck, the pious maiden at the young rector. It is a phase of what the scientists call natural selection. All the world is, and has always been, one vast beauty farm.

Can the process be hastened by the methods of Reshetnikoff? It is to be doubted. The bluegrass thoroughbred and the Jersey have gained their special points at the expense of general stamina

There is something in the good old life of the world, with all its accidents and miscalculations, which makes for all sound hardihood.

The Grass Cure

THE story of the young man in Brooklyn who cured himself of a chronic indigestion, which had resisted all the skill of the doctors, by a diet of cold water and quarts of fresh grass gathered in Prospect Park, brings memories of Nebuchadnezzar, and of the pitiable plight of Bully Bottom when he called so lustily for a bottle of hay. One satirist recommends the young Brooklynite to turn his appetite to that other asinine delicacy, thistles, arguing that the proverbial virtue of making two blades of grass grow where one had been is nothing to the utility of clearing our fields of the emblematical flower of Scotland.

These, brothers, are cruel jests. Knowing how little aliment is to be derived from the most nutritious salad, we do not recommend to any one to go to grass, much less to thistles; but we are convinced that the anecdote has deep value to all chronic sufferers. We once knew a gentlewoman with a case of consumption that had left her only a part of one lung. Her physicians had long given her up, and so, when she confessed to a desire for peanuts, they not unwisely told her she could have all she wanted. She ate them with as great avidity as the young man in Brooklyn displays for grass. She lived to a ripe and beautiful age, full of good works and the joy of living, her only cross being that whenever she called in a doctor for an ache or a pain he would insist on sounding the remaining quarter of her lungs to have personal knowledge of so rare a thing as a cured case of advanced consumption

Many morals are to be drawn from both instances. One is that in the practice of medicine the ratio of the unknown to the known is very large, and that the natural desires of the patient may be wiser than all the schools. Another is that one cure does not prove the general value of a remedy. Christian science, osteopathy and patent medicines may have worked marvels without proving their value as panaceas. But the most important moral which these true stories teach is that the best of remedies is a determination on the part of the patient to get well

The Devil's Dividends

THERE are so many "remedies" for "trust" evils that one more will not add to the confusion. Here it is:

Why not educate the man with money to invest to be too intelligent to invest it in an enterprise of which he personally knows nothing, and too decent to take devil's dividends?

True, it would take a long time to apply that remedy. But it can be applying along with all the others; and, perhaps, when those others have all failed and been abandoned, it may be beginning to produce results

Pauperizing the Rich

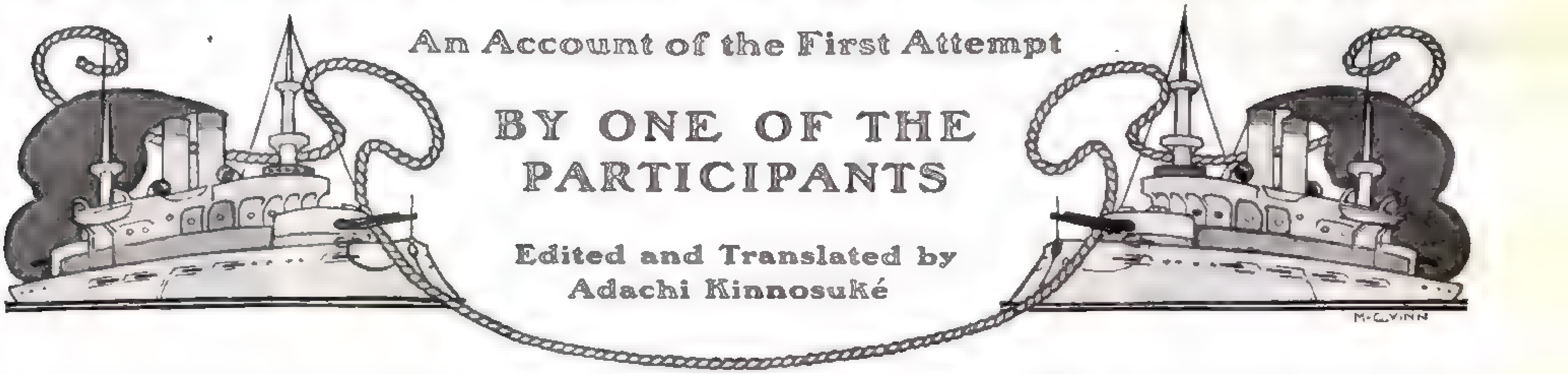
ORGANIZED charities are apt to overdo their outcry against pauperizing the poor. The recent death of Louis Fleischmann, the proprietor of a well-known bakery in New York, recalls a ringing remark he once made on the subject He had long been accustomed to give away at midnight the unused bread and coffee of each day to a file of destitute men who gathered toward midnight at his side door, and when the supply did not go round he eked out somehow, often distributing as many as five hundred loaves. When accused of harmful giving he replied that he could stand being called names for feeding men who were hungry enough to stand in line, in the cold and the wet, for two or three or four hours to get half a loaf and a cup of coffee.

Many a poor fellow, too proud to have his life and character overhauled by the professional well-doer, has been helped over a rough place and into permanent prosperity by that midnight dole.

In becoming philanthropists do we not sometimes cease to be men? To turn a cold shoulder to a fellow-being who is starving sets a check on the growth of the soundest and most generous impulses. And are the rich themselves so scrupulous in the matter of receiving charitable gifts? The expenses of our most fashionable universities are mainly met by private charity. Yet the richest do not scruple to send their sons to them to be educated, paying a merely nominal fee. It is the same with libraries, and hospitals, even with churches. We are all pensioners of the Lord, and of our fellowmen.

Rich or poor, of course we do not wish to be pauperized, but while we are systematic and scientific, let us not forget that there are human limits to system and science. There is such a thing as pauperizing the heart.

BOTTLING UP PORT ARTHUR



An Account of the First Attempt

BY ONE OF THE PARTICIPANTS

Edited and Translated by
Adachi Kinnosuké

IT WAS a little past midnight of the nineteenth day of February, 1904—ten days since we had paid our first respects to the Russian men-of-war at Port Arthur. We were made to understand from Russian sources that the first visit of ours was rather unexpected and altogether impolite. We had been thinking of mending our ways and doing something a little more handsome.

In that midnight hour of the nineteenth we gathered together five old vessels for their own funerals—for the bottling up of Port Arthur. When the unpleasantness between Nippon and Russia was a certainty in the minds of a certain circle of our Government—was, in fact, a matter of a few days—we made up our minds, without consulting the pleasure of Russia, to have the supreme command of the sea for at least a few days—as many days as it would take to transport the main portion of our army from the concentrating bases of our home ports to Korea and Manchuria. We simply had to have it. Now, the most comfortable way of attaining this result was to persuade our good Russian friends to be bottled up in Port Arthur. The narrow neck of the Port Arthur harbor—what a pointed temptation from geography! It was only necessary to see it to hear the message from the gods rather plainly. A few old tubs, discreetly buried in that narrow neck, would afford the Russian vessels the distinction of becoming the "fleet in being." So they were ready, the five ships—the Tenshin Maru, Hokoku Maru, Ninsen Maru, Bushu Maru and Buyo Maru.

It would have been much better if we could have loaded these vessels with rocks; we did not have time. So we had taken a large quantity of coal that was at hand and filled our old vessels with it. Aboard the Asama, just before we took to the doomed vessels, Commander Yashiro gathered together the five men who were to represent the Asama on this desperate expedition. Commander Yashiro took from a case the huge silver cup that had been given him by the Crown Prince. He filled it with pure cold water. He offered it to the five men, and said.

"I am about to send you, gentlemen, into death. He who returns from it is a favored child of fortune. You have offered your lives that your country might see the mouth of this hostile harbor sealed. I wish I had a hundred children of my own blood. For them I cannot hope for a prouder distinction than to be in your place. When I send you forth on this mission it is, indeed, like sending my own children to death. To you, gentlemen, is given the opportunity of achieving one of the most heroic feats known to men. The work is worthy of a brave man. With all my heart I congratulate you on your outgoing. If, unhappily, one of you lose his right hand, try to accomplish what you have started to do with your left. If both of your arms are torn from you, you have your feet. Always remember that it is imperative for you to obey strictly the orders of your commanding officers. Permit me to add, also, that I know that you start on this journey without the slightest idea or desire to return to us. Nevertheless, as one of the men who have given their lives to their homeland, would you allow me to say that it is not well to look upon life lightly. It is not enough that you should win glory with your death. Neither are you going out from me to-night because it is your pleasure to scent the history of our navy with the fragrance of an heroic deed. All that I would beg you to allow me to emphasize is that you shall accomplish your duty. If it takes life the life must be given. If it does not take it then certainly life should not be given. Other things should never enter your mind; always let it be remembered that the one thing in your mind and heart is the accomplishment of the work for which your country is sending you out to-night.

"Be always confident that Heaven is with you; that life and death are the things that are left to the pleasures of the gods. Whatever you do you should act with that serene composure of your soul which is the only thing that is becoming to men intrusted with a great work. Good-by."

That evening, a little before six o'clock, in the reception-hall of the Mikasa, there were gathered together for dinner a number of commanders at the invitation of Admiral Togo and Admiral Kamimura. Altogether there were forty of us, and the dinner was given in honor of the commanders of the vessels that were to be sunk at the mouth of Port Arthur.

Admiral Togo rose with his cup. As usual, he was genial, quiet. He simply said: "Sakannarukana!" (It is rather difficult to petrify the poetry and grace of Fuji, the peerless; neither can you translate this one word of the Admiral with which he toasted the majesty of the undertaking.) This single word of the Admiral, pronounced with the gentlest of tones, fell upon us like cloven tongues of fire, of biblical memory. There was a young officer seated beside me. Turning to me, he remarked: "That toast of the Admiral makes me feel as if some one had suddenly pickled my soul in red pepper." Most certainly one could hardly hope to select a word that would have been more becoming for the feast—the final feast in which some of us were bidding farewell to life. All eyes were centred upon the Admiral, some of them were misty already. Under the intense gaze, however, the features of Admiral Togo's face were calm, half smiling.

After the historic toast there fell a silence upon us all. I do not remember how long it lasted. Later, Commander Arima—who was to take the supreme command of the expedition—rose in answer to the Admiral's toast. If it were within human possibility, if we could only pay for this work with our lives, the work was to be a success—that was the drift of his brief speech. Every one of us present swore to himself that he would either see the work accomplished or never return. On the eighteenth all arrangements were made. It was decided to call for volunteers. Only seventy-seven men were needed to do the work. The call for volunteers was communicated to every warship through its commanding officer. Within a few minutes of the publication of the invitation for volunteers there were 2000 men who answered it. There was no little confusion aboard every vessel. The call specified for seventy-seven, and many of the men, desperately anxious to undertake this work, and fearing that there would be such an overwhelming number of men who would offer themselves for the service, wished to put themselves forward with a striking emphasis on the sincerity of their desire. These bit off a finger, after the time-honored custom, and with their blood wrote the petition to be taken as one of the seventy-seven.

At eight o'clock of the morning of the twentieth of February we were escorted out of the base by the united fleet with due ceremony. It was splendid and imposing—especially impressive to all of us who left all hopes of life as we steamed out of the naval base. At noon on the twenty-first we reached our rendezvous. It was planned that there we should at once proceed with the removal of those men from the vessels who were not to take part in the bottling-up operation. The weather was ugly, however, and we were forced to postpone it for one day. On the following day, that is, on the twenty-second of February, the weather had improved considerably, and at once we proceeded to transfer the men to the Kinshu Maru. It was six o'clock in the evening when we weighed anchor. We turned our bow in the direction of Port Arthur.

The twenty-third! The heavens were as clean as if an invisible hand had wiped them of every stain. Far out near the centre of the Yellow Sea we suddenly came upon the united squadron of our navy. So beautiful was the water, so kindly the sky, that it was not difficult for us to dream of boating on the Shinagawa under a canopy of blossoming cherries. At five in the evening of this day we parted from our squadron again with due ceremony. The Tenshin Maru led us in line ahead. At seven o'clock in the evening we steamed along the Ento. The sun, which had been hanging like a great, ripe, red fruit, fell finally into the waves. Through the dusk of the falling day we saw the half-moon float out above us. In my young days I have heard my elders say many a time that when Suketsune was picking his way along the path in search of the camp where slept his mortal enemy the ghost of his beloved rose from the gloom of night in the shape of a moon and beckoned him on to the right camp; and the moon, which stood above our heads, gave us the impression of being a silver embodiment of a sovereign genius of our nation, beckoning us in the direction of Port Arthur.

At eight o'clock the waves were quiet and the moonlight was pure. I was standing on the bridge at the time. The poetry of this quiet, moonlight night made me dream. I summoned all our men not on duty to the bridge. I said to them, pointing in the direction of Port Arthur: "That is the place, my men, where to-night we shall bury ourselves alive that we may become henceforth the guardian spirits of our homeland. The sea that had been stormy until yesterday is, as you see, like a mirror-lake. The moon, which we could not see for many days, is sailing through a cloudless sky. We have good reason to thank the heavens for the beautiful setting they have given us for our burial. I propose, therefore, that we shall drink the final cup of pure water in parting from life." And right bravely every one of us took a cup of cold water to his lips, and the moon fell into our cups and the distance was melting in front of us. It was 11:30 o'clock at night.

All of a sudden we saw the flash of searchlights from two hostile vessels. They must have been out on scouting duty. We made to the south of Liaoteshan without being discovered, and there we received the communications from the torpedo-boat flotilla.

It was 2:30 A. M. of the twenty-fourth day of February. Suddenly we came upon two Russian destroyers. Between us was about 400 metres. They must have been the scouting boats. They passed us by at that close distance, and, strangely enough, without paying the slightest attention to us. It is difficult to imagine the reason of their indifference. They made no sign of recognition; they never signaled us. Some of the men among us made frivolous remarks about them, but others gravely said that Heaven, which is always with the brave and with those who try to do right, had been with us in this war, and that these Russians must have had their senses paralyzed so that they could not recognize the approach of hostile vessels within 400 metres. At that time the moon had fallen below the horizon. Fleecy clouds swept the sky. The weather was ideal for the operation. Then we saw, for the first time, in the direction of Port Arthur, nervous shiftings of powerful searchlights. Very soon the first report of cannon broke the silence. Unquestionably the Russians had discovered our destroyers, which formed the vanguard to attract the hostile fire.

Three-thirty A. M. Five vessels of ours at full speed, which, after all, did not exceed eight knots, steamed toward the entrance of the harbor. The searchlights on the heights of Port Arthur examined the direction of the Liaoteshan closely. It seems, then, that the enemy was not quite deceived as to the intention of the approach of our torpedo-boats from the opposite direction. We were under the Manzushan, when we came suddenly into the full glare of the enemy's searchlights. As soon as we were discovered twelve, eight and six inch shells from all the guns of the Russian fleets and the forts crowning the heights commanding the entrance to Port Arthur searched us every inch. We ran parallel to the searchlights for some distance, and they gave us cross-fire. There was nothing surprising in this performance. It was nothing more than we expected. Our vessels made steadily for their objective. Everywhere the water rose in a thousand fountains. When you think of it, it is almost miraculous how few shells we received at that time. Suddenly I saw upon the bridge of the Tenshin Maru the bursting of a huge shell; the vessel was instantly on fire. That was the vessel which carried the commander of this expedition. From where I stood it seemed as if everybody

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upon the bridge was killed. It seemed very probable to me at that time that Commander Arima must have been shot to pieces. In an instant I saw another shell explode on the Hokoku Maru. Like the Tenshin Maru, the vessel was on fire, but the shell evidently did not damage her steering gear or the engine. She went steadily on without losing speed or control. Thicker than ever the hostile shells began to fall. At that time I saw the Buyo Maru, which was in front of our vessel, behave very strangely; something must have happened to her, she seemed to be sinking very rapidly. I thought that the Buyo Maru must have struck a mine. I dodged to starboard, in so doing I exposed the broadside of my vessel to the hostile fire. At that moment a shell reached our rudder and carried it away completely. My vessel was out of control and began to head against the shore. We reversed the engine; we dropped the anchor. We did, in fact, everything that could be done either to stop or change the course of the vessel; but it was too late. I heard a man who was standing not far from me say: "Even Kusuno Masashige received some arrows." (Now, Kusuno Masashige is the father of Nippon patriotism. To-day he has a shrine and the people worship him as a god of the patriots.) Soon our vessel was aground. When I saw the uselessness of further efforts I decided to do the best thing under the circumstances: I gave orders to blow up the ship and to lower all the boats. We made toward the Liaoteshan promontory. All this time the hostile guns were playing upon us. It was about 4:45 in the morning. The forts saw our boat and blazed away at us, but without any result. We made our way in the direction of Liaoteshan, because that was the place where our torpedo-boats were to wait for us and pick us up.

When we reached the neighborhood of Liaoteshan we saw the melting shadow of our torpedo-boat flotilla making for the horizon. Desperately we rowed our boats in pursuit of them. As the light of day increased we hoisted a white piece of cloth; we shouted to them; we did everything we could to attract their attention; but the more desperately we rowed in the direction of the disappearing torpedo-boats the farther away we seemed to get from them.

Through a blunder, at the time when we were transferring our men into the boat, we lost a sack of provisions which we meant to take along with us. There was nothing to protect our men from the cold. I said to those around me: "When we started, as you know, we took the final farewell to life. Do not be disappointed; we have all the promising signs of seeing our expectations fulfilled. Our fate is altogether with Heaven, and it is becoming, on the part of men who think only of performing their duty to their country, to take whatever comes to pass with perfect composure. We shall do our best to reach our naval base. At the present time the wind is against us. It might change at any moment." And so we headed due south. It was 9.20 A. M.

At about ten o'clock an island hove in sight. Mists which were awaking from their soft dreams in the first light of the morning had obscured its profile. For all the world it looked to us like the ghost of a forlorn hope. The wind was rising gradually, and we were rowing against the tide. The boat we were in was too light to weather a storm. For all the world we were as a swallow flying in the face of Providence. After the healthy excitement of the [illegible] operations there was a decided lull. Our stomachs were empty. To keep us awake we sang national hymns and all the songs of childhood that we could gather from our memories. In spite of shouts, in spite of all the sedate and correct and oft repeated jokes that we revived with shameless persistence, sleep at last seemed to lay her merciful hand upon us all. I saw the helplessness of our situation. Our last hope of rescue was in reaching the island in front of us. "If the sweetest concords of music of our childhood's songs would not do," I said to myself, "something else has to be done." So I seized a stick that was beside me and raised a veritable pandemonium of discords by beating it against the side of the boat. At last we gained a little harbor over the angry waves which were trying to foil us.

It was 2:30 in the afternoon. After we started on the twenty-first, for four days and nights we had never slept a wink. For two days we had two dumplings a piece wherewith to fight starvation, until at last relief came.

The Reading Table

An Open Letter to a Certain Fisherman

I

Dear fisherman, neighbor and friend,
Under separate cover I send
  A fishing-rod fashioned of steel.
(You'll observe I no longer use pole
To connote the confederate whole
  Of a tubular stick with a reel.)

II

This rod is for fishing designed
In waters profound, unconfined
  'Twixt narrow and high-tariffed banks;
It is not for the strenuous stream,
Nor to lead forth the troll's silver gleam
  With its fraudulent, gyrating pranks.

III

It is duly devised to induce
The intelligent, not the obtuse;
  The vigorous, not the inane;
And then, with its reasoning line,
To impel to conclusions condign
  Those who reckon its premises sane.

IV

It's a logical weapon of thought;
Its aqueous triumphs are wrought
  Not by might, but by patience and skill;
It's conservative, practical, straight;
Well-guided, adept in debate,
  And staunch with a vertebrate will.

V

I've seen you on sea and on land,
Now a rod, now a pen in your hand,
  Casting lines over paper and ponds;
I've observed how you handle a "strike"
(On land and in water alike),
  How you manage both "leaders" and bonds.

VI

But whether ashore or afloat,
At your desk or out in a boat,
  President, fisherman, friend,
You've the same patient, masterful way
Of holding executive sway
  Where the rods of your interest bend.

VII

This rod is my gratitude's bond,
With asset in lake and in pond,
  And I hope, too, of rich dividends;
I wish you all joy of the catch,
And always a welcoming latch
  When the dusk of the evening descends.

◆

Authorized Statements

Why did Richard Watson Gilder?
Because he thought the Lady Brassey.

Where was Ernest Thompson Seton himself?
Under the Beerbohm Tree.

When did Judge Henry Shute?
When he saw Louise Gunning.

How was Elizabeth Shippen Green?
By George Francis Train.

Why is Richard Henry Savage?
Because he saw Chauncey Hotchkiss his sweetheart.

What was Joseph Hocking?
The watch he made Flora Annie Steele.

Why is the face of William Black?
He let Samuel Rutherford Crockett.

What did Myrtle Reed?
A Thomas Nelson Page.

What made Minnie Maddern Fiske?
To hear Edna Lyall the time.

In what year was Charles King?
I don't remember—but he's Ben King.

What is Mary Stewart Cutting out?
She is making Mrs. Everard Cotes.

When did Sophie Swett?
When she saw Cy Warman himself.

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(Portion of Editorial, N. Y. Press, [illegible] 1904)

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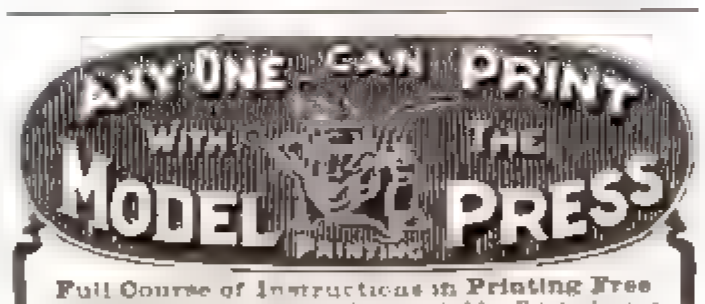
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Did Ellen Glasgow in the house?
No, but I saw Stephen Gwynne

Has Edwin Lasseter Bynner round yet?
No, but I saw John B. Tabb out the bush

Did Beatrice Hanscom in yet?
Sure; she's Justin McCarthy

Why was Laura Jean Libbey rated?
She wasn't guilty; Georgie Sheldon it

Where did Williston Fish?
Where he saw Margaret Anglin

How much did Wallace Irwin?
All of Maria Louise Pool.

What makes Harry Thurston Peck?
Because John Kendrick Bangs

What was it John Drew?
More than Anna Held

Why are the Brothers Grimm?
Because they have a Bill Nye due

—*Carolyn Wells*

Impertinent Poems

The Island

You, my friend, in your long-tailed coat,
With your white cravat at your withered throat,
Praying by proxy of him you hire,
Worshiping God with a quartet choir,
Bumping your head on the pew in front,
Assenting "Amen!" with an unctuous grunt,
Are you sure it is you
In the pew?

Look!
You're away on a lonely isle,
Where the scant breech-clout is the only style,
Where the day of the week forgets its name,
Where god and devil are all the same
Look at yourself in your careless clout,
And tell me, then, would you be devout?

One on the island, one in the pew—
How do you know which is you?

You, dear maiden, with eyes askance
At the little soubrette and her daring dance,
Thanking God that His ways are wide
To allow you to pass on the other side,
You, as you ask, Will the world approve
At the hint of a wabble out of the groove?

Look!
On that isle of the lonely sea
Are you, the saucy soubrette and *he*.
And the little grooves that you circle in
Are forever as though they never had been.
Now you are naked of soul and limb:
Will you say what you will not dare—for him?

Which of the women is real?
The one you suppress, or the one you feel?

You, good sir, with your neck a-stretch,
As the van goes by with the prison wretch,
Asking naught of his ills or hurts,
Judging "he's getting his just deserts,"
Pluming yourself that the moral laws
Are centred in you as effect and cause

Look!
At the island, and there you are
With the long, strong arm which reaches far,
And there are the natives who kneel and bow,
And where are your *meum* and *teum* now?
Are you sure that the balance swings quite true?
Or does it a little incline to you?

I have an island, too, and so
Answer, or not, but I know—I know.

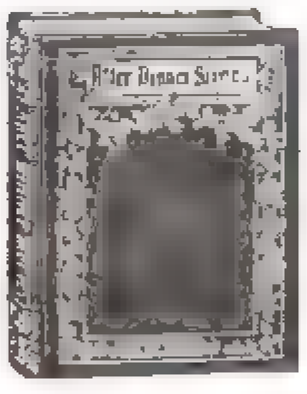
—*Edmund Vance Cooke.*

With Moral Effect

FREDERIC REMINGTON recently met a young Englishman who is traveling in this country and is not averse to acquiring information. The subject of bucking broncos came up, and the Englishman said:

"I've read that in riding those wild horses of yours the main thing is to keep cool. Has a good moral effect on the beasts, I've been told. Is it true that your riders sometimes roll a cigarette and light and smoke it while riding a vicious bucker?"

"Oh, that's an ordinary occurrence," replied Mr. Remington easily. "But when I was in the West if a cowboy wished to subdue a particularly dangerous animal he would mount him with a razor, brush, hand-mirror and so forth, and, while the creature reared and kicked, the man would proceed calmly to shave. That's when you get your fine moral effect."



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References: Treasury Trust Co., Pittsburg, Pa.
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The Fancy-Dress Election

(Continued from Page 9)

The great stroke of the campaign, though, was Chummy's torchlight procession party that he gave on the night before the election. All the guests were given silk caps and capes and dainty little gold-mounted torches, and Chummy and Mrs. Flirterly led a most exquisite and picturesque grand march among the trees. The affair included an al fresco dinner, with a deer barbecued right in sight of the tables, and, to make the affair more complete, Chummy borrowed Harry's speechmaking person. Chummy and Harry both impressed it on the chap that he was to change his politics and talk for Chummy's side of it on this one occasion, but I presume he got awfully mixed up before he was through. If he did it made very little difference, however, for, of course, nobody listened and everybody pronounced the affair a quite stunning success.

The next day was the day of the election, and Harry sent his speechmaking man back to the city. Chummy, however, found it more difficult to get rid of his ward-working fellow. It seems the chap had what he thought was a ripping good scheme that he was bound to pull through. There was going to be a masked ball at some hall in the city on this same night, quite a common sort of affair — deucedly low, in fact — and this chap wanted to arrange to bring about fifty of them out, slip them into the crush and vote them — said that nobody would know the difference at all with everybody in fancy dress, except that the masked ball people might be a bit more modestly clothed — but, of course, Chummy wouldn't listen to any such shocking plan as that.

There was no use in trying to show the fellow that the thing wouldn't be at all sportsmanlike, so in the end Chummy just flatly refused and the fellow got quite ugly. Chummy tried his best to pacify the chap, but he wouldn't be pacified, and talked to Chummy in a really shameful manner, don't you know.

"Of course, I don't need to swear you fellows to secrecy about what's coming next," says Chummy at last, turning to us and beginning to take off his coat; and, of course, we assured him that nothing would be said.

"What are you Willie boys going to try to do to me?" asks the chap, looking around at us a bit shaky.

"These gentlemen are merely going to look on," explains Chummy, unfastening his cuffs; "but I'm going to take you up into the gymnasium and give you a ripping good thrashing."

"Just wait a bit," says the chap, sneering and looking ugly. "If that's all papa's pet is going to do to me we don't need to go up in any gymnasium;" and with that he made a positively vicious lunge for Chummy's jaw.

I forgot to tell you that Chummy is quite as clever in his way as this President chap you hear so much about — you know whom I mean — quite a decent sort, too, except that he lacks repose. Oh, yes, Roosevelt — that's the name; and Chummy is always perfectly fit for polo or whatever it is that's coming, so he sidestepped and then swung a ripping fine left-handed blow that caught the fellow right back of the ear and sent him sprawling. He was up again like a cat, though, and using the most shocking sort of language. He made another lunge at Chummy, just grazed Chummy's cheek, and then got a jolt right under the tip of the chin that stopped all the fun right when it was getting really almost exciting, don't you know. While we were working over the person to bring him to, Chummy apologized quite abjectly for cutting it so short, but he reminded us that it was election day and he should be very busy, so we quite readily excused him.

And, by the way, when the ward working person opened his eyes about fifteen minutes afterward, and remembered all about it, he was the most pleased fellow you ever saw in your life — wanted to shake hands with Chummy and all that sort of thing, don't you know, and Chummy allowed him to do so. Chummy can do a lot of things with a perfectly splendid grace that would rather make some of the others of us lose class.

He said he hoped the thing wouldn't get around at all, but somehow or other it did, and Chummy was quite the hero at the election affair that night. And I say, don't you know, that election party was no end of a success. Mrs. Flirterly is really quite as much of a genius in her way as Chummy himself, and that night's affair at her place is

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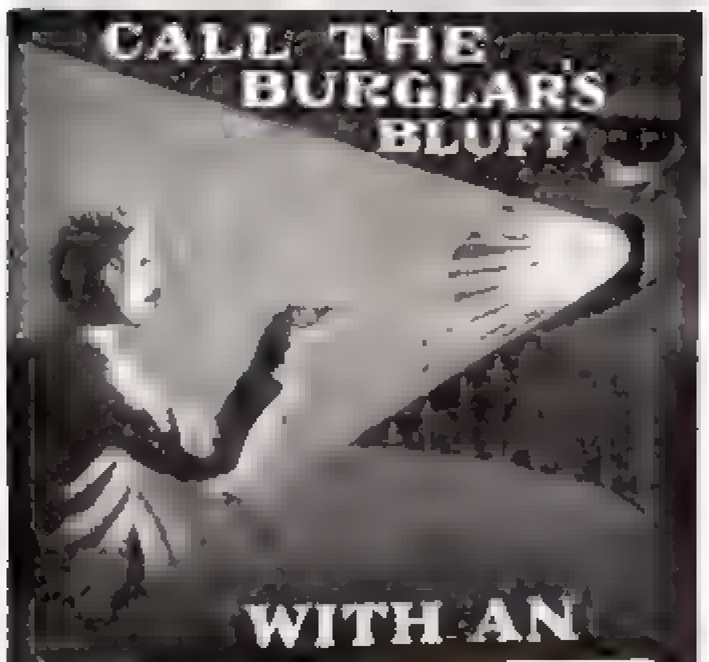

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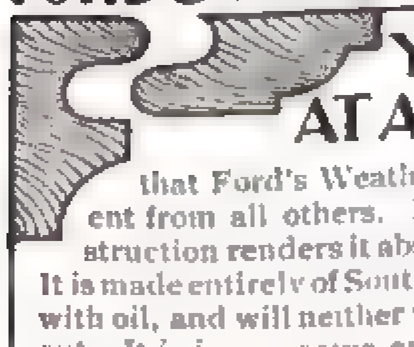

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She had done some beautiful decorating with American flags and American Beauty roses and other patriotic things of that sort, you know, and she had nothing but patriotic music for the dances, with a grand march led by Chummy, dressed as Uncle Sam and mounted on a baby elephant to represent his party, and by Harry, dressed as Columbia and mounted on a donkey to represent his party. Harry made an especial hit with his costume, and any number of the ladies were really quite jealous of him on account of his perfectly stunning get-up

At one end of the grand ballroom was the ballot-box, and it was a smashing fine thing, all of white marble like a Greek altar and mounted on a black velvet pedestal, both altar and pedestal trimmed in gold and diamonds. Mrs. Flirterly prettily explained that the white was to typify the purity, the black the secrecy, and the gold and gems the precious and priceless nature of the ballot, so we could see she had been reading up a bit on it. Ripping clever woman, Mrs. Flirterly!

Well, during the patriotic vaudeville program, just before the balloting, which was to begin promptly at midnight and close sharp at 12:30, Harry called Chummy to one side, looking no end floored

"I say, Chummy," says he, "if you don't mind telling me, how many of this crush have promised to vote for you?"

"I don't mind saying at all, old chap," says Chummy, smiling "I've got the promise of every one of them"

"That's just the deuced trouble!" says Harry. "So have I, and so there's bound to be a tie vote. What are we to do about it?"

"Jove!" says Chummy. "We might have thought of that. We'll have to slip up to Flirterly's private den and discuss it"

They hadn't yet come down when the balloting took place, and so they lost their votes A very annoying thing, too, came up about the ballots. Chummy's were hand-etched on little sheets of gold, cut in the shape of an elephant, and Harry's on silver cut in the shape of a donkey; but when Mrs. Flirterly came to get them a little bundle of a hundred of the gold ones, that had carelessly been left on the library table, was found to be missing. Some one of the vaudeville persons had doubtless walked off with them, but Mrs. Flirterly had ordered five hundred of each though expecting less than four hundred guests, so there were plenty to go around, and the balloting proceeded.

The voting was really quite exciting and animated, and when it was all over and the ballots counted Harry was found to have been elected by a majority of one hundred, having five hundred votes to Chummy's four hundred, showing that every one of the three hundred and seventy-eight who actually attended had kept their promises to both candidates. Only the loss of that one hundred ballots prevented the very handsomely gratifying result of a tie vote, I am sure

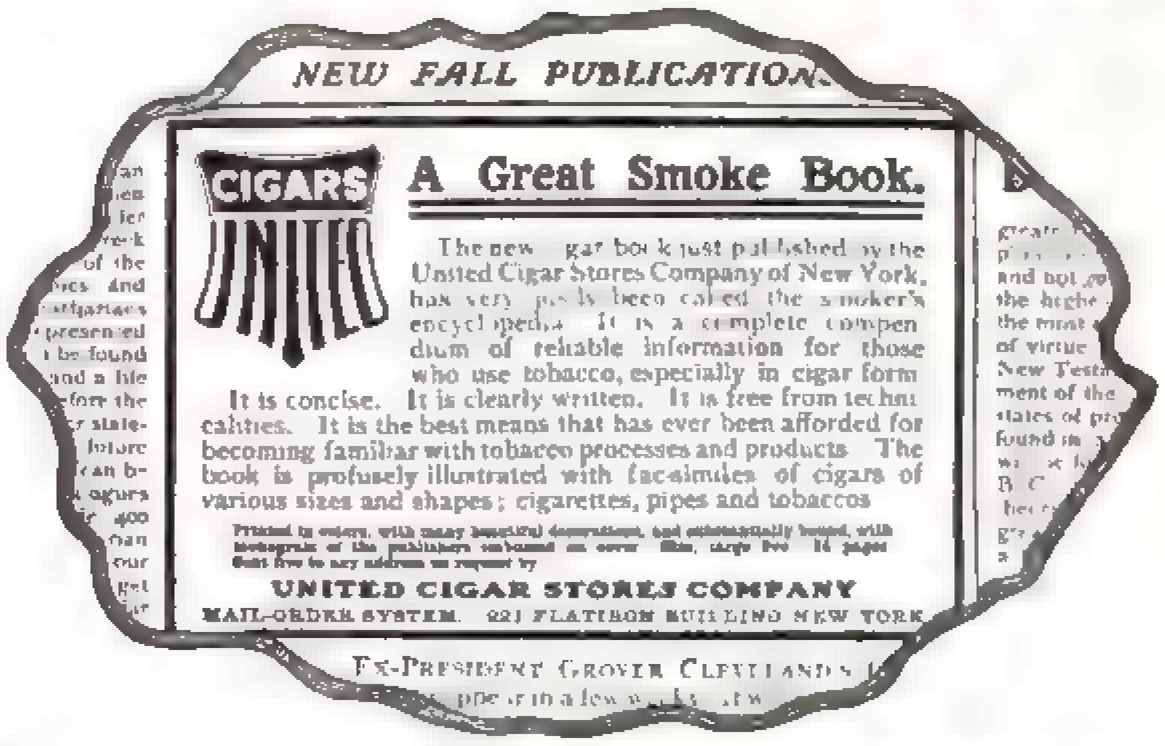
It was just as the result was announced that Chummy and Harry came into the ballroom, and as soon as Mrs. Flirterly saw them she motioned Harry up to the platform. Ripping pretty woman, Mrs. Flirterly is, and she was dressed that night as Victory—loose, gauzy drapery and things, so she'd look as much like a statue as possible, with a long, slender trumpet in one hand and a palm wreath in the other, wings on her shoulders, and sandals and all that sort of thing, don't you know—and she had planned it all so as to be appropriate to the final ceremony of crowning the victor. Pretty idea, wasn't it? Shows you how deuced forethoughtful the woman really is. Well, she took Harry by the hand and led him to the front of the ballot-box, on the black velvet platform.

"Ladies and gentlemen, fellow-suffragists," says she with a pretty imitation of one of those spread-eagle chaps. "I have the honor of placing the laurel upon the brow of the victor, and of introducing to you Mr. Harry King, Mayor of Billiondale!" And then she went on and made a tearing smart speech that you wouldn't have thought she could have remembered, really. But then, she *is* a jolly clever woman, don't you know, with no end of brains and genius and all that sort of thing

Harry stood it very handsomely until she was all through, and then he reached up and took off his crown

"I'm awfully sorry to spoil your program," says he. "Really, it is quite too awkward of me, but the fact of the matter is that I'm not the Mayor. Chummy just now won it from me in a game of freeze-out, up in Mr. Flirterly's den."

The Best of the Season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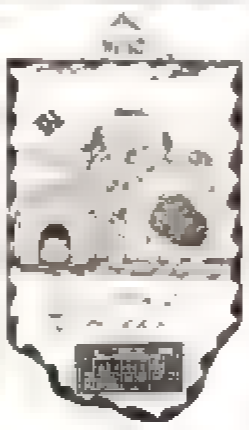

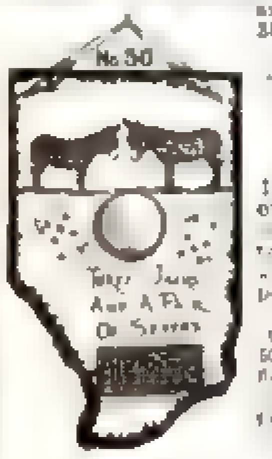
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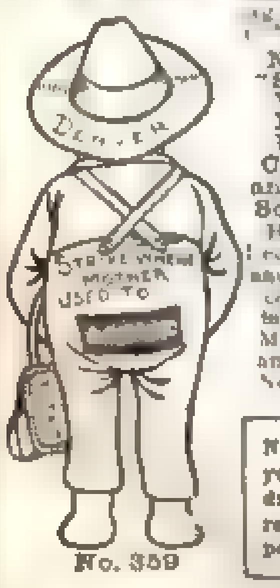
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The Green Mouse

(Continued from Page 3)

for them. I fancy every man finds his own level; I've found mine, apparently."

Her face was inscrutable; she lay back in the great chair, watching him.

"I have a little money left," he said, "enough to last a day or two. Then I am to be paid for entertaining some people at Seabright; and," he added with that very attractive smile of his from which all bitterness had departed, "and that will be the first money I ever earned in all my life."

She was young enough to be fascinated, child enough to feel the little lump in her throat rising. She knew he was poor; her sister had told her that; but she had supposed it to be only comparative poverty—just as her cousins, for instance, had scarcely enough to keep more than two horses in town and only one mobile. But want—actual need—she had never dreamed of in his case—she could scarcely understand it even now—he was so well-groomed, so attractive, fairly radiating good breeding and the easy financial atmosphere she was accustomed to.

"So you see," he continued gayly, "if you complain to the owners about green mice, why, I shall have to leave, and, as a matter of fact, I haven't enough money to go anywhere except ——" he laughed.

"Where?" she managed to say.

"The Park. I was joking, of course," he hastened to add, for she had turned rather white.

"No," she said, "you were not joking." And as he made no reply: "Of course, I shall not write—now. I had rather my studio were overrun with multi-colored mice ——" She stopped with something almost like a sob. He smiled, thinking she was laughing.

But oh, the blow for her! In her youthful enthusiasm she had always, from the first time they had encountered one another, been sensitively aware of this tall, clean-cut, attractive young fellow. And by and by she learned his name and asked her sister about him, and when she heard of his recent ruin and withdrawal from the gatherings of his kind her youth flushed to its romantic roots, warming all within her toward this splendid and radiant young man who lived so nobly, so proudly aloof. And then—miracle of Manhattan!—he had proved his courage before her dazed eyes—rising suddenly out of the very earth to save her from a fate which her eager desire painted blacker every time she embellished the incident. And she decorated the memory of it every day.

And now! Here, beside her, was this prince among men, her champion, beaten to his ornamental knees by Fate, and contemplating a miserable, uncertain career to keep his godlike body from actual starvation. And she—she with more money than even she knew what to do with, powerless to aid him, prevented from flinging open her checkbook and bidding him to write and write till he could write no more.

A memory—a thought crept in. Where had she heard his name connected with her father's name? In Ophir Steel? Certainly; and was it not this young man's father who had laid the foundation for her father's fortune? She had heard some such thing, somewhere.

He said: "I had no idea of boring anybody—you least of all—with my woes. Indeed, I haven't any sorrows now, because to-day I received my first encouragement; and no doubt I'll be a huge success. Only—I thought it best to make it clear why it would do me considerable damage just now if you should write."

"Tell me," she said tremulously, "is there anything—anything I can do to—to balance the deep debt of gratitude I owe you ——"

"What debt?" he asked, astonished. "Oh! that? Why, that is no debt—except that I was happy—perfectly and serenely happy to have had that chance to—to hear your voice ——"

"You were brave," she said hastily. "You may make as light of it as you please, but I know."

"So do I," he laughed, enchanted with the rising color in her cheeks.

"No, you don't; you don't know how I felt—how afraid I was to show how deeply—deeply I felt. I felt it so deeply that I did not even tell my sister," she added naively.

"Your sister?"

"Yes; you know her." And as he remained silent she said: "Do you not know

Copyright 1904 Kohn Bros.

YOUR TAILOR vs. KOHN BROTHERS

MR. A. CONSUMER, Nov. 1st, '04. To "Your Tailor" Dr.

MR. A. CONSUMER, Nov. 1st, '04. To Up-to-date Clothing Co., Dr.

		Bal. For'd	30	00	Oct.	1	1 Suit Kohn Bros Fine Clothing.	18 00
Oct		One Suit	45					
	15	One Overcoat	50			15	1 Overcoat (ditto)	20 00
							Rec'd Pay't. Thanks.	
		PLEASE REMIT.	125				Up-to-date Clo. Co.	38 00

On which side of the ledger is your account? The only difference, mind you, between Kohn Brothers' Fine Clothing and that of "Your Tailor" is the price. All coats made with the "K. B." Shoulder

Ask your dealer for Kohn Brothers Fine Clothes. Look for our Label—insist upon having it. Write for Illustrated Booklet F 4, the "Clothes a Man Should Wear," a story of good clothes, when and how to wear them. If your clothier does not sell Kohn Brothers clothing, write us and we will give you the name of one who does.

KOHN BROTHERS—CHICAGO
New York—Philadelphia—Boston—Baltimore—San Francisco

Reversible
Linene
Collars and Cuffs

Save Money and Trouble

Professional and business men, students, travelers, mechanics, sportsmen, find in these goods perfect fit, style, convenience and economy. Made of fine cloth and finished in pure starch

No Washing or Ironing

When soiled, discard. We send by mail ten collars or five pairs of cuffs for 30c. Send 6c. in U. S. stamps for sample collar or pair of cuffs. Name size and style.

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Made of the finest Eastern Oregon Wool, in [illegible] Indian [illegible] designs are thoroughly Indian and are furnished us by the tribes themselves. The Indian is the best judge of a blanket, always buys the best. That is why we ship thousands to the Reservations every year. They are used in homes everywhere for slumber robes, veranda wraps, couch covers, trunk and box throws. Their bright, striking colors will be [illegible]

Send for FREE catalogue [illegible] patterns and the robes in [illegible] Robes returnable if not perfectly satisfactory.

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Dealers write us for discounts

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are [illegible] able you to see better, hold securely and are neat and comfortable.

Fit all shapes of noses [illegible]

[illegible] every pair. If [illegible]

Valuable free booklet

[illegible] eyes.

E. Kirstein Sons Co., Dept. B
704 Court St. Rochester N Y

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SPAVIN CURE

$5.00 [illegible] with every bottle, as binding to protect you as the best legal talent could make it.

Positively and Permanently Cures

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"Save the Horse" [illegible]

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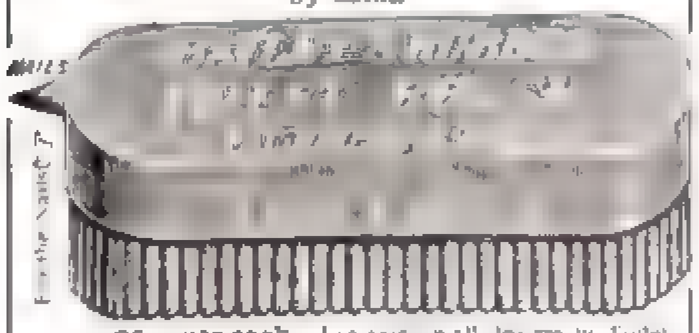

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For every one, no matter what the occupation, by using

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This tip won't slip on ANY SURFACE [illegible] times as long as others [illegible] EASY and noiseless, to the bottom of the Crutch or Chair [illegible]

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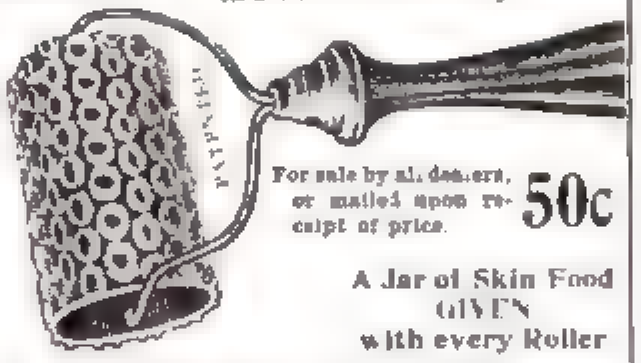

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A Jar of Skin Food GIVEN with every Roller

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Finest quality imported Cape Kid, made outseam or pique style like the one illustrated. Tailor cut, perfect fitting. [illegible] finest Pearl button or patent button fastener. Tans, browns and red shades. Made in our own factory and sent to you direct for $1.65. Best Cape Gloves made.

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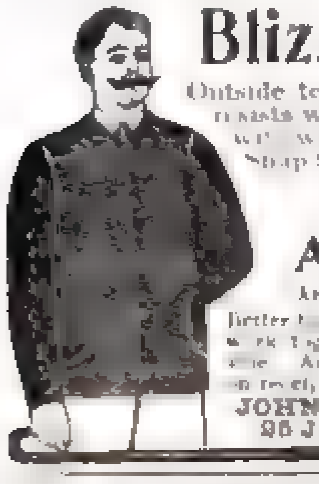

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[illegible] Trade Mark Registered [illegible] Warm, durable, comfortable. Ask your dealer, or sent postpaid on receipt of $2.35.

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P. V. BRADSTREET & CO., Evanston, Ill.

who I am? Do you not even know my name?"

He shook his head, laughing.

"I'd have given all I had to know; but, of course, I could not ask the servants!"

Surprise, disappointment, hurt pride that he had had no desire to know, gave quick place to a comprehension that set a little thrill tingling her from head to foot. His restraint was the nicest homage ever rendered her; she saw that instantly; and the straight look she gave him out of her clear eyes took his breath away for a second.

"Do you remember my sister?" she asked, calling her by name.

"I do — certainly! I always thought ——"

"What?" she said, smiling.

He muttered something about eyes and white skin and a trick of the heavy lids.

She was perfectly at ease now; she leaned back in her chair, studying him calmly.

"Suppose," she said, "people could see me here now."

"It would end your artistic career," he replied, laughing; "and fancy! I took you for the sort that painted for a bare existence!"

"And I — I took you for ——"

"Something very different than what I am."

"In one way — not in others."

"Oh! I look the mountebank?"

"I shall not explain what I mean," she said with heightened color, and rose from her chair. "As there are no more green mice to peep out at me from behind my easel," she added, "I can have no excuse for abandoning art any longer. Can I?"

The trailing sweetness of the inquiry was scarcely a challenge, yet he dared take it up.

"You asked me," he said, "whether you could do anything for me."

"Can I?" she exclaimed.

"Yes."

"I will — I am glad — tell me what to do?"

"Why, it's only this. I've got to go before an audience of two hundred people and do things. I've had practice here by myself, but — but if you don't mind I should like to try it before somebody — you. Do you mind?"

She stood there, slim, blue-eyed, reflecting; then innocently: "If I've compromised myself the damage was done long ago, wasn't it? They're going to take away my studio, anyhow, so I might as well have as much pleasure as I can."

And she sat down gracefully, linking her white fingers over her knees.

He began by suddenly filling the air with canary birds; they flew and chirped and fluttered about her head, until, bewildered, she shrank back, almost frightened at the golden-winged hurricane.

To reassure her he began doing incredible things with the big silver hoops, forming chains and linked figures under her amazed eyes, although each hoop seemed solid and without a break in its polished circumference. Then, one by one, he tossed the rings up and they vanished in mid air before her very eyes.

"How did you do that?" she cried, enchanted.

He laughed and produced the big, white Persian cats, changed them into kittens, then into birds and butterflies, and finally into a bowl full of big, staring gold-fish. Then he picked up a ladle, dipped out the fish, carefully fried them over an oil lamp, dumped them from the smoking frying-pan back into the water, where they quietly swam off again, goggling their eyes in astonishment.

"That," said the girl faintly, "is miraculous!"

"Isn't it?" he said, delighted as a boy at her praise. "What card will you choose?" And he handed her a pack.

"The ace of hearts, if you please."

"Draw it from the pack."

"Any card?" she inquired. "Oh! how on earth did you make me draw the ace of hearts?"

"Hold it tightly," he warned her.

She clutched it in her pretty fingers.

"Are you sure you hold it?" he asked.

"Perfectly."

"Look!"

She looked and found that it was the queen of diamonds she held so tightly; but, looking again to reassure herself, she was astonished to find that the card was the jack of clubs.

"Tear it up," he said. She tore it into small pieces.

"Throw them into the air!"

She obeyed, and almost cried out to see them take fire in mid-air and float away in ashy flakes.

Face flushed, eyes brilliant, she turned to him, hanging on his every movement, every expression.

"Stop that, you Stupid Renovator

— you've opened my splendid OSTERMOOR. Don't you know *yet* that the OSTERMOOR *never* needs remaking? Sew it right up again and put it back in the sun where you found it. A sun bath is all it requires. It is those dirty *hair* mattresses back of the house that I want made over."

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is *built* (not stuffed) with a product of Nature as pure as Nature herself — treated and prepared by a mixture of brains and machinery in a way that has made OSTERMOOR the mattress *par excellence* — moisture-proof, dust-proof, germ-proof, vermin-proof — everlastingly resilient, soft and fresh. OSTERMOOR, the only mattress that never requires renovating or renewing — an occasional sun bath its only renovator, and under no condition does it sag or become lumpy or uneven. "The proof of the pudding is in the eating." The proof of the mattress is in the sleeping. We allow you to sleep on it 30 nights free, and refund your money if you are not satisfied *in every way*. Read the guarantee.

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No skill required in using this corn razor. It is SIMPLE, SAFE and SURE, and will do its work quickly, relieving the sufferer at once. The directions which are sent with every Safety Corn Razor give clear instructions as to its use.

Please note illustrations [illegible]. They will give you some idea of this wonderful invention, which will absolutely remove ANY CORN [illegible] without cutting the foot. Price $1.00. [illegible] mailed on request.

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(Note other advertisement of Kampfe Bros. Star Safety Razor in this magazine.)

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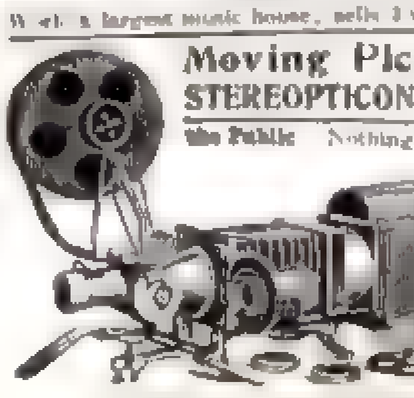

Moving Picture Machines STEREOPTICONS

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The "Morley"

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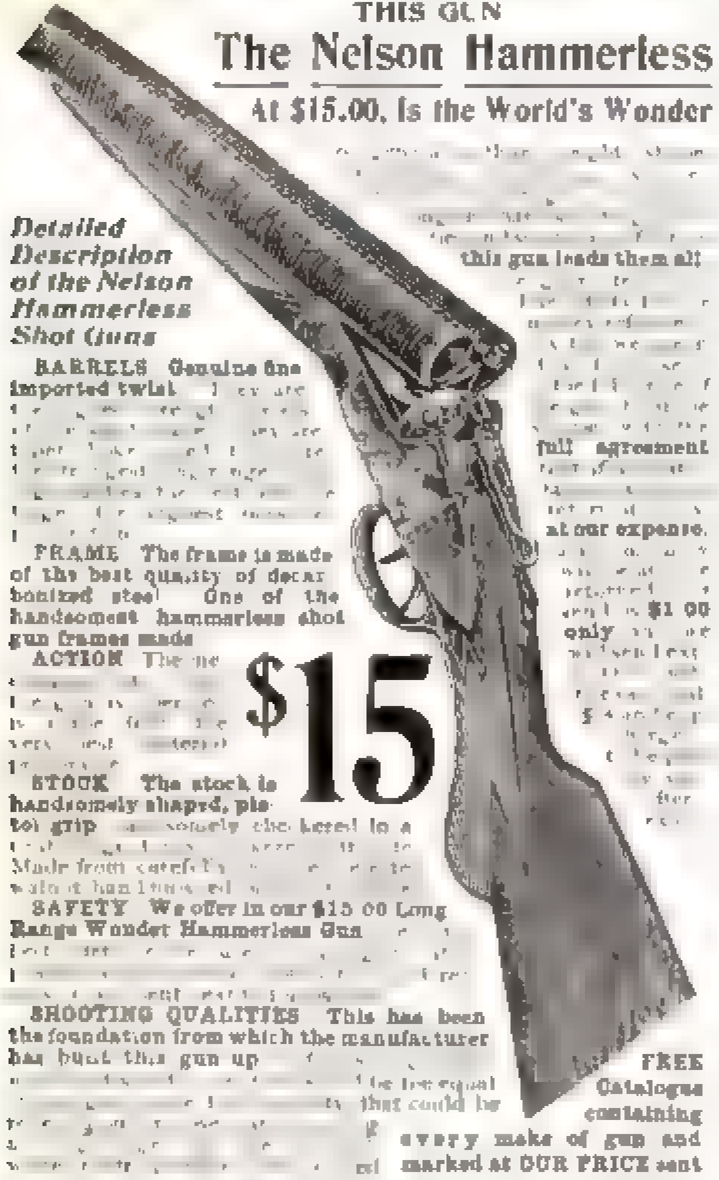
Sportsman Attention!!
THIS GUN
The Nelson Hammerless
At $15.00, Is the World's Wonder



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BARRELS Genuine fine imported twist [illegible]

FRAME The frame is made of the best quality of decarbonized steel. One of the handsomest hammerless shot gun frames made.

ACTION [illegible]

STOCK The stock is handsomely shaped, pistol grip [illegible] Made from carefully [illegible]

SAFETY We offer in our $15.00 Long Range Wonder Hammerless Gun [illegible]

SHOOTING QUALITIES This has been the foundation from which the manufacturer has built this gun up [illegible] as safe as black powder [illegible] that you would get in a hammerless shotgun that cost three times the money. These guns are made in 12 gauge only. [illegible] Send to New York only. We have no branch houses, no agents.

[illegible] this gun leads them all [illegible] full agreement [illegible] at our expense. [illegible] $1.00 only [illegible]

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FREE Catalogue containing every make of gun and marked at OUR PRICE sent FREE upon application.

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Don't invite household troubles by buying imitation shade rollers.
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Tin Rollers. Wood Rollers.

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sell [illegible] $2.50 [illegible] restaurants charge 75 cents to $1.50 [illegible] order (serving one squab). There is [illegible] money breeding them; a flock [illegible] pay handsomely. Squabs are raised in ONE MONTH; a woman can do all the work. No mixing feed, no night [illegible] no young stock to attend [illegible] Send for our FREE BOOK, "How to Make Money with Squabs," and learn this rich industry. Plymouth Rock Squab Company, 289 Atlantic Ave., Boston, Mass.

Before her rapt eyes the multi-colored mice danced jigs on slackwires, then were carefully rolled up into little balls of paper which immediately began to swell until each was as big as a football. These burst open, and out of each football of white paper came kittens, turtles, snakes, chickens, ducks and finally two white rabbits, with silky pink eyes, that began gravely waltzing round and round the room.

"Please stand up and shake your skirts," he said.

She rose hastily and obeyed; a rain of silver coins fell, then gold, then banknotes, littering the floor. Then precious stones began to drop about her; she shook them from her hair, her collar, her neck; she clenched her hands in nervous amazement but inside each tight little fist she felt something, and opening her fingers she fairly showered the floor with diamonds.

"Can't you save one for me?" he asked. "I really need it." But when again she looked for the glittering heap at her feet it was gone; and, search as she might, not one coin, not one gem remained.

Glancing up in dismay she found herself in a perfect storm of white butterflies — no, they were red — no, green!

"Is there anything in this world you desire?" he asked her.

"A — a glass of water ——"

She was already holding it in her hands and she cried out in amazement, spilling the brimming glass; but no water fell, only a rain of little crimson flames.

"I can't — can't drink this — can I?" she faltered.

"With perfect safety," he smiled, and she tasted it.

"Taste it again," he said.

She tried it; it was lemonade.

"Again."

It was ginger ale.

"Once more."

She stared at the glass, frothing with ice-cream soda; there was a long silver spoon in it, too.

Enchanted she lay back, savoring her ice, shyly watching him.

He went on gayly doing uncanny or charming things; her eyes were tired, dazzled, but not too weary to watch him, though she scarcely followed the marvelous objects that appeared and vanished and glittered and flamed under his ceaselessly busy hands.

She did notice with a shudder the appearance of an owl that sat for a while on his shoulder and then turned into a big fur muff which was all right as long as he held it, but walked away on four legs when he tossed it to the floor.

A shower of brilliant things followed like shooting stars; two or three rose trees grew, budded and bloomed before her eyes; and he laid the fresh, sweet blossoms in her hands. They turned to violets later, but that did not matter; nothing mattered any longer as long as she could lie there and gaze at him — the most splendid man her maiden eyes had ever unclosed upon.

About two thousand yards of brilliant ribbons suddenly fell from the ceiling; she looked at him with something perilously close to a sigh. Out of an old hat he produced a cage full of parrots; every parrot repeated her first name decorously, monotonously, until packed back into the hat and stuffed into a box which was then set on fire.

Her heart was pretty full now; for she was only eighteen and she had been considering his poverty. So when in due time the box burned out and from the black and charred débris the parrots stepped triumphantly forth, gravely repeating her name in unison; and when she saw that the entertainment was at an end, she rose, setting her ice-cream soda upon a table, and, although the glass instantly changed into a teapot, she walked straight up to him and held out her hand.

"I've had a perfectly lovely time," she said. "And I want to say to you that I have been thinking of several things, and one is that it is perfectly ridiculous for you to be poor."

"It is rather ridiculous," he admitted, surprised.

"Isn't it! And no need of it at all. Your father made a fortune for my father. All you have to do is to let my father make a fortune for you."

"Is that all?" he asked, laughing.

"Of course. Why did you not tell him so? Have you seen him?"

"No," he said gravely.

"Why not?"

"I saw others — I did not care to try — any more — friends."

"Will you — now?"

He shook his head.

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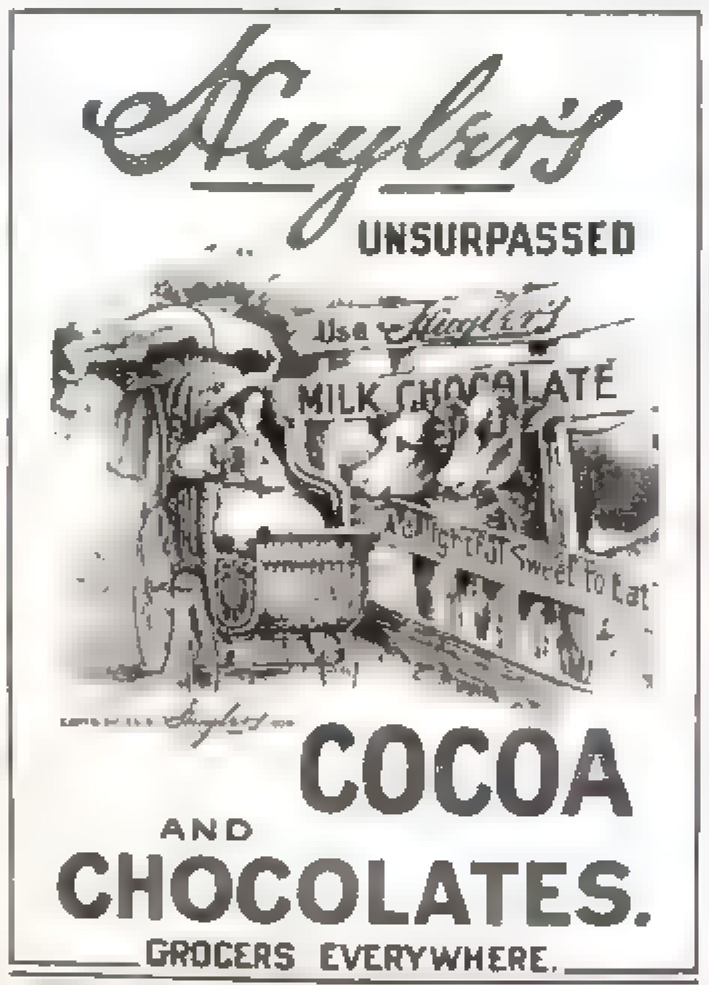

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UNSURPASSED
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GROCERS EVERYWHERE.

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The New Card Game — Everybody Likes It. A [illegible] real worth [illegible] Easy to learn, very fascinating [illegible] for young and old. Any [illegible] 50c [illegible] 75c. At [illegible]

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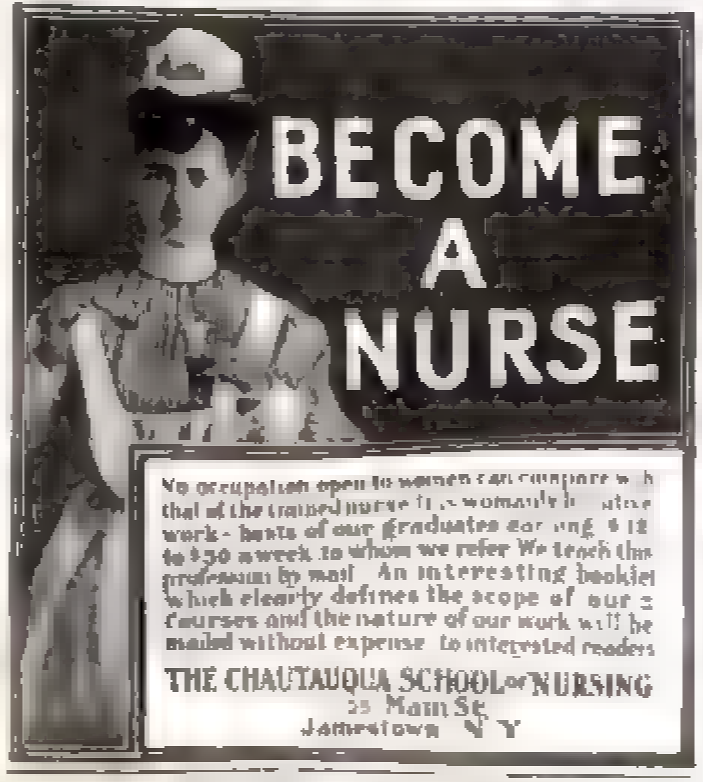

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The only diaper

that perfectly protects baby from colds, and keeps his clothing clean, is the

Imperial Pinless Diaper.

Made of antiseptic bird's-eye. Has thickness (7 fold) at needed places, but is not bulky. Draw strings [illegible] waist and legs and button holes to attach to waist. Sanitary, comfortable, neat, easily adjusted. Protects nurse [illegible] Saves laundry. Can't [illegible] perfectly. Sold by dealers [illegible] 3 for $1.00. Give age or waist measure.

You can get your money back—write for particulars, and booklet. No canvassing nor selling.

IMPERIAL UNDERWEAR CO.
106 Jefferson Avenue, Scranton, Pa.

"Then I will!"

"Please don't," he said quietly. Her hand still lay in his; she looked up at him, her eyes were starry bright and a little moist.

"I simply can't stand this," she said, steadying her voice.

"What?"

"Your — your distress." She choked; her sensitive mouth trembled.

"Good Heavens!" he breathed; "do you care?"

"Care — care," she stammered. "You saved my life with a laugh! You faced starvation with a laugh! Your father made mine! Care? Yes, I care!"

But she had bent her head; a bright tear fell, spangling his polished shoes; the pulsating seconds passed; he laid his other hand above both hers which he held, and stood silent, stunned, scarcely daring to understand.

Nor was it here he could understand or even hope — his instinct held him stupid and silent.

Presently he released her hands.

She said "Good-by" calmly enough; he followed her to the door and opened it, watching her pass through the hallway to her own door.

And there she paused and looked back; and he found himself beside her again.

"Only," she began, "only don't do all those beautiful magic things for any — anybody else — will you? I wish to have — have them all for myself — to share them with no one ——"

He held her hands imprisoned again. "I will never do one of those things for anybody but you," he said unsteadily.

"Truly?" Her face caught fire.

"Yes, truly."

"But how — how, then, can you — can ——"

"I don't care what happens to me!" he said. To look at him nobody would have thought him young enough to say that sort of thing.

"I care," she said, releasing her hands and stepping back into her studio.

For a moment her lovely, daring face swam before his eyes; then, in the next moment, she was in his arms, crying her eyes out against his shoulder, his lips pressed to her bright hair.

And that was all right in its way, too; madder things have happened in our times, but nothing madder ever happened than a large, bald gentleman who came up the stairs in a series of bounces and planted his legs apart and tightened his pudgy grip upon his malacca walking-stick, and confronted them with distended eyes and waistband.

In vigorous but incoherent English he begged to know whether this scene was part of an education in art.

"Father," she said calmly, "you are just in time. Go into the studio and I'll come in one moment."

Then giving her lover both hands and looking at him with all her soul in her young eyes:

"I love you; I'll marry you. And if there's trouble" — she smiled upon her frantic father — "if there is trouble I will follow you about the country exhibiting green mice ——"

"What!" thundered her father.

"Green mice," she repeated with an adorable smile at her lover — "unless my father finds a necessity for you in his business — with a view to partnership. And I'm going to let you arrange that together. Good-by."

And she entered her studio, closing the door behind her, leaving the two men confronting one another in the entry.

For one so young she had much wisdom and excellent taste; and listening, she heard her father explode in one lusty Saxon word. He always said it when beaten; it was the beginning of the end, and the end of the sweetest beginning that ever dawned on earth for a maid since the first sunbeam stole into Eden.

So she sat down on her little camp-stool before her easel and picked up a hand-glass; and, sitting there, carefully removed all traces of tears from her wet and lovely eyes with the cambric hem of her painting-apron.

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CLAM CHOWDER

This Maine Chowder

differs from all others of the Atlantic Coast. Its delicious flavor is imparted by the small, clean, white shell clams of Maine (best in the world), combined with a fine selection of other ingredients. A revelation in good things to eat, appetizing, nutritious, and absolutely pure. Served on Pullman Buffet Cars and in the leading American homes. Sold by leading grocers. If your dealer hasn't it send us his name. Sample can, 10c., postpaid. Beautiful Booklet free on request.

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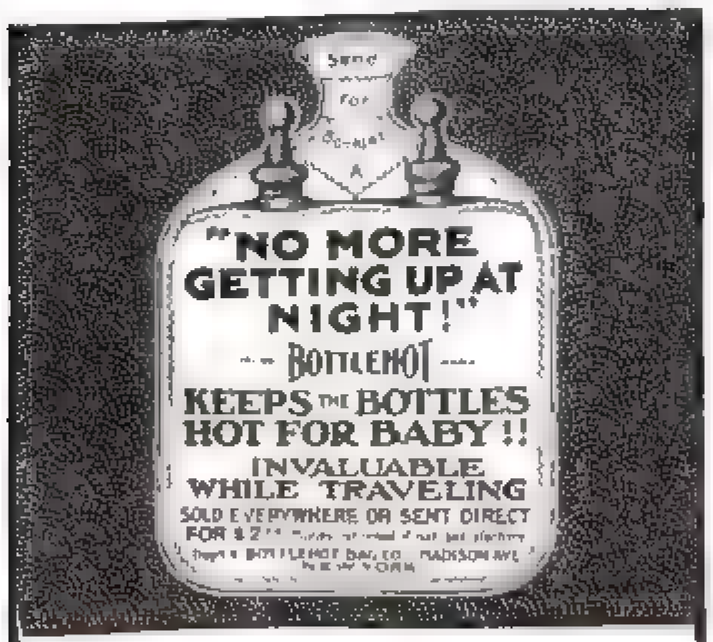
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Royal Incubator Co., Drawer 29, Des Moines, Ia.

It was just two years ago that I introduced the Shivers' Panetela Cigar — on every box that has been made these words have appeared on the flap label, where they were bound to be seen and read by anyone opening the box:

"GUARANTEE

We guarantee that Shivers' Panetela Cigars are clean, clear, selected long Havana filler, and selected Sumatra wrapper. — Herbert D. Shivers, Inc."

Were this not true, would I not be branding myself a liar on every box of cigars that I sell?

The success of these cigars has been beyond expectation or even hope, as the Panetela shape and size was never what is known as a popular shape, though always well thought of by discriminating smokers. This success has had another effect — a host of imitators. I have yet to see the *equal* of Shivers' Panetela at anywhere near its price.

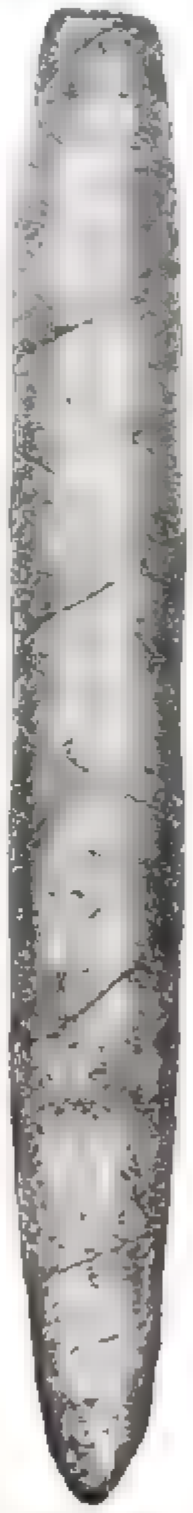
If this were an essay on morals, it would be fair to say that in the long run I do not believe misrepresentation in business pays, but as it is an advertisement to sell cigars, I am simply going to ask the smoker to read

My Offer: I will, upon request, ship one hundred Shivers' Panetela Cigars to a reader of The Saturday Evening Post, all express charges prepaid. He may smoke ten and return the remaining ninety, also at my expense, if he is not pleased. If satisfied, and he keeps the cigars, he agrees to remit the price, $5.00, for them within ten days. I simply want to give the cigars a chance to sell themselves.

In ordering please use business letterhead, enclose business card, and state whether mild, medium or strong cigars are desired.

And my claim — that the equal of Shivers' Panetela is usually not retailed for less than ten cents, and that no other cigar in the world is sold to the consumer at so near the cost of manufacture — a hand-made cigar of this quality at five dollars per hundred. No wonder the sales — which I believe to be larger than that of any other Panetela cigar in the United States.

What possible risk can the smoker run in trying a hundred?



SHIVERS' PANETELA
EXACT SIZE AND SHAPE

Shivers' Opera Reina, a new cigar of a very popular size and shape that will divide public opinion with Shivers' Panetela. It is sold under the same conditions with the same guarantee on every box:

"GUARANTEE

We guarantee that Shivers' Opera Reina Cigars are clean, clear, selected, long Havana filler, and selected Sumatra wrapper. — Herbert D. Shivers, Inc."

I can add nothing. Most remarkable of all, same price and terms: $5.00 per hundred after the smoker has given them a fair trial.

My Offer: I will, upon request, ship one hundred Shivers' Opera Reina Cigars to a reader of The Saturday Evening Post, all express charges prepaid. He may smoke ten and return the remaining ninety, also at my expense, if he is not pleased. If satisfied, and he keeps the cigars, he agrees to remit the price, $5.00, for them within ten days. I simply want to give the cigars a chance to sell themselves.

In ordering please use business letterhead, enclose business card, and state whether mild, medium or strong cigars are desired.

I do not retail cigars, or sell sample lots, but sell the entire product of my factory at *wholesale prices*, by the hundred or more. There are no discounts or rebates to dealers or clubs. The whole aim of the business is from factory to consumer without the intervening profits of salesmen, wholesalers and retailers, and the saving thus effected is put right into the cigar, giving my customers a much better cigar than is possible for them to procure at the price or near it.

It costs something to sell a man his first hundred cigars — after that he orders of his own volition. Renewal orders I must have, and I get them — more of them than you would believe if I told you how many.

SHIVERS' OPERA REINA
EXACT SIZE AND SHAPE

As to references; no matter where you live, the chances are there is a customer for my cigars in your immediate neighborhood, to whom I will gladly refer you. A large proportion of the increase of the business comes from my customers recommending the cigars to their friends.

Write me if you smoke.

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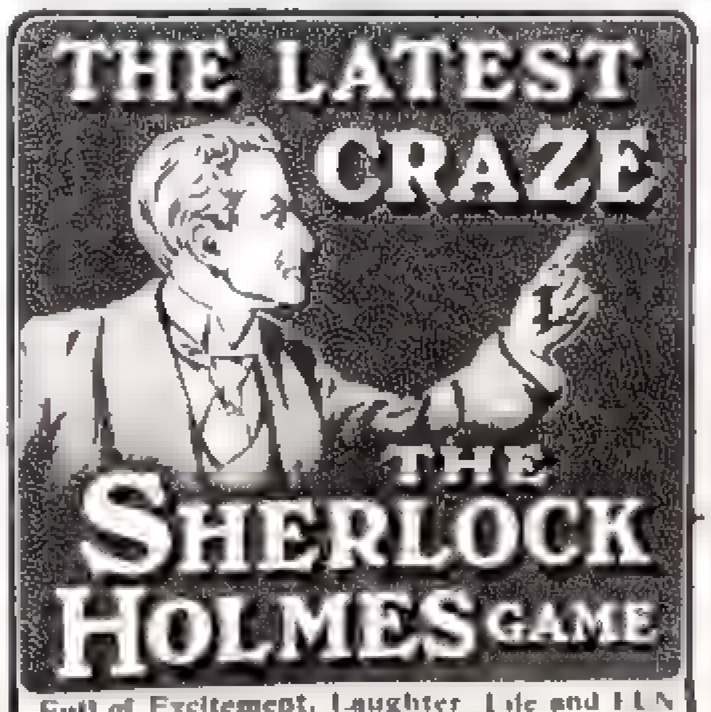

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Your physician will agree. Booklet free.
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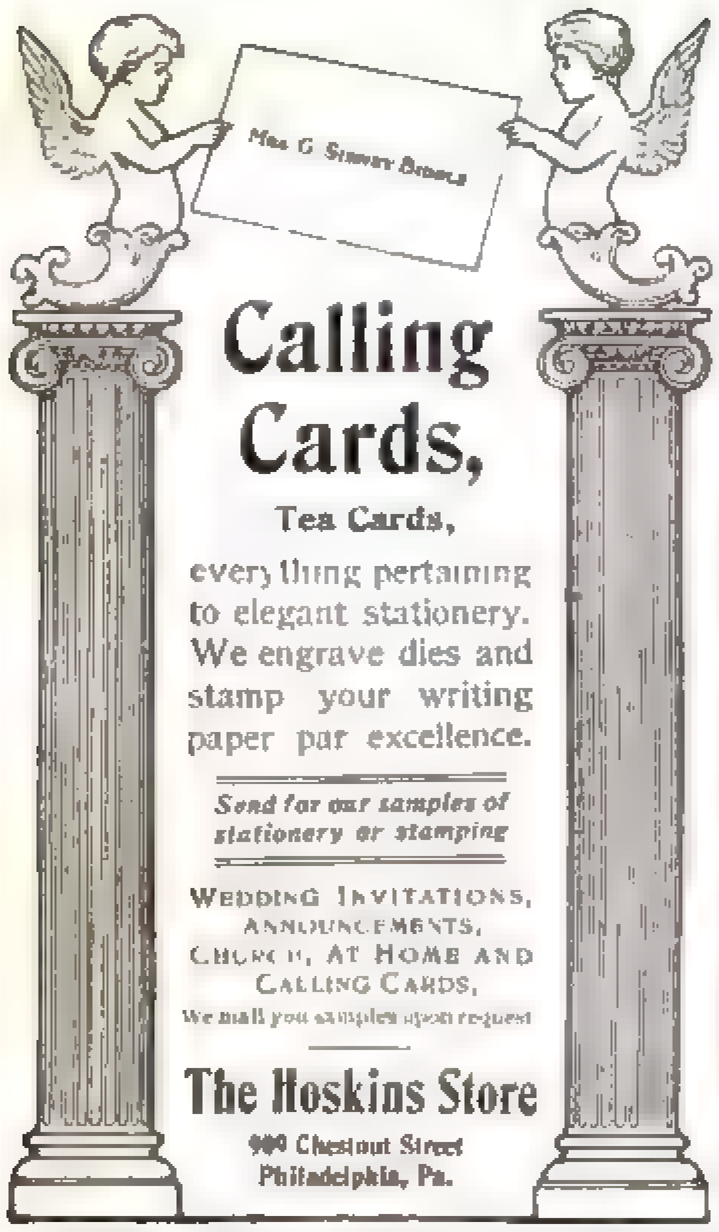

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has a clear, bell like tone and you can play a tune on it in ten minutes after you [illegible] even if you never knew a note before. Ask your music dealer for it. Send today for the book about it.

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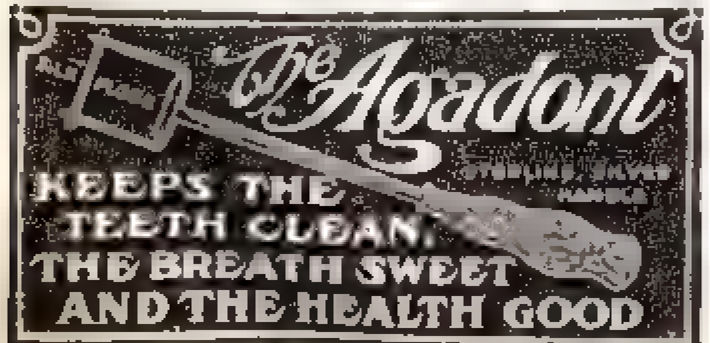

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The Warren Mansfield Co., Silversmiths
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Rose of the World

(Continued from Page 11)

What a drama! What could not our Balzac have made of it! The well-conserved but elderly, yes, elderly, husband; the young lovely, bored wife—ah, but she bores herself, the young wife! And then this young, handsome, sinister officer who has known her before, loved her, it is clear, from the first—the wife of his comrade! He comes to her with a plan . . . a plan of an astuteness to deceive an angel. But the woman who loves is never deceived. Because she loves him she reads his heart. Virtuous, she refuses. . . . They are both young: she knows her weakness. She bores herself; yes, she bores herself, but she refuses. And he, what does he do, the young, silent, determined adorer? My faith, it is the simplicity of genius: he goes to the old husband, that the old husband may order her to yield to his scheme. And the husband—and this is the strangest part of it all—what does he say? Oh, it is simple, simple in the extreme. He promises to do so at once. What a story! And my friend here, under the starlight, qualifies it in *three* words: 'No favor justice.' It is of a cynicism! Yet yonder he stands, as grave and cold as a judge. Poor Sir Gerardine. But here is a young man who will make his way—and, for the psychologist, what a study!"

"My faith," said he aloud, "but you have courage, sir."

"Courage?"

"Ah, you thought I did not notice Lady Gerardine! I will tell you something as one man to another—she is one who will not make her lover's task easy to him, nor amusing, hey! With her it will be all or nothing: the grand passion. Ah, my gallant friend, believe the word of one who has had experience in these matters! Avoid the grand passion, for it's what makes cinders of our manhood."

It was Bethune's turn to halt amazed.

"I beg your pardon," he exclaimed. "But are you warning me against falling in love with Lady Gerardine?" Then, overcome with the humor of the idea, he threw back his head and gave vent to his short laugh.

In this laugh, however, M. Châtelard's acumen was pleased to discover a concentrated bitterness; in the touch upon his arm, a menace to the interferer.

"Nay, Heaven forfend!" he cried, dropping the personal tone with a hasty return to natural good-breeding. "It only struck me, sir, that your program was a little dangerous. And for one like myself, who has made a study of women, Lady Gerardine is a type—a type rare, fortunately, perhaps, for the peace of the world; but, Heavens, of what palpitating allurement when one does come across it!"

"A type of a very selfish woman," said Bethune shortly; and this time the physician was not far wrong in noting bitterness in his tone. "As cold as a stone, I should say, and as self-centred as a cat."

"Self-centred, I grant you. But cold?" screamed the Frenchman.

"As cold at heart as she is white in face," said Harry English's comrade.

"White? So is the flame at its intensest! Cold? With that glow in her hair? With that look in the eyes—those lips? Touch that coldness and you will burn to the bone. Ah, it is not the old husband that will feel that fire! But the fire is there, all the fiercer for being concentrated. Ah, when she lets herself go, her Excellency, it will be terrible—it will be grand! There are conflagrations which make the very skies grow red."

"My way branches off here," interrupted Bethune dryly, "and yonder are the lights of your hotel. Good-night."

He shook hands loosely and was gone before the globe-trotter, interrupted in full eloquence, had time to lay hold of his formal French manner for the farewell ceremony.

"I have pressed him a little too closely," he thought, as he stood watching the soldierly figure swing away from light to darkness, down the narrow street dotted with gaudy booths. "He is already on the fatal slope. . . . I must not let the end of this drama escape me."

Raymond Bethune, as he strode along, laughed to himself at "the French Johnny's" nonsense. Nevertheless, a phrase or two seemed to circle in his mind round the baffling image of his friend's widow like a flight of birds round the head of a sphinx: "White? So is the flame at its intensest. Cold? Touch

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Write to-day for our new Free Catalog

Die in open air.

Rats and Mice leave choicest food and grain for

Rat Bis-Kit

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Die quickly in open air seeking water. Dry, clean. Put in rat holes, linen closets, pantries, etc., without soiling anything.

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The Rat Biscuit Co., Dept. 10, Springfield, O.

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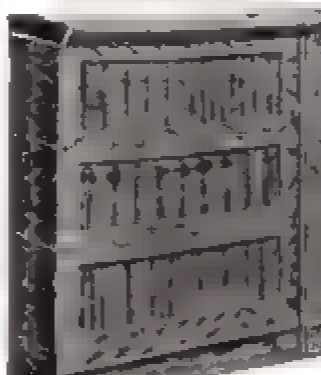

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FREE Suit Case

In order to establish customers throughout the United States we are giving on the first order received from any one person, a handsome suit case, which we use to ship the suit. The suit case that goes with each suit is most presentable and would cost in your local store from $3 to $5.

A trial is all we ask. You run no risk in ordering from us, as we guarantee absolutely a perfect fit. We do not ask you to pay for the goods before seeing them. We send them by Express C. O. D., with the privilege of examination at Express Office, and if the suit is not satisfactory in fabric, finish or fit, you need not accept it; it will be returned to us at our expense. The suit shown in the picture is our No. 251 and is a sensible, becoming suit to most gentlemen. The price is $12.00. It is entirely new, out of the ordinary and very stylish. Samples of cloth that make up nicely in this style are shown in our new catalogue, which contains styles and samples varying in price from $12.00 to $20.00. Our catalogue and

SAMPLES OF CLOTH FREE

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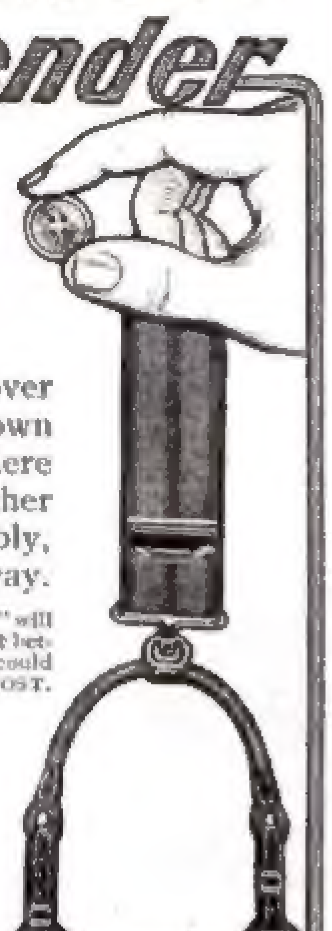
Reference: Citizens National Bank, South Bend, Ind.

Buttonless Suspender



You cut the suspender-buttons off your trousers,

slip the little clasps over waistband, push down clasp-slide, and there you are—held together surely and comfortably, in the most modern way.

In a day's wear, the "Buttonless" will show you more different ways it betters other suspenders, than we could tell about in a page of THE POST.

50c Your dealer will supply you; or sample pair by mail on receipt of price.

Write for booklet. Agents wanted.

The Buttonless Suspender Co.
West St., Bloomsburg, Pa.

STARK FRUIT BOOK shows in NATURAL COLORS and accurately describes **216 varieties** of fruit. Send for our liberal terms of distribution to planters. **STARK BROS., Louisiana, Mo.**

that coldness and you will be burned to the bone. . . ."

CHAPTER VI

THE walls of Lady Gerardine's room glowed like the page of an old missal, with carmine and cobalt blue, with beetle-wing purples and greens. It was a columned and arched apartment in the wing of the modernized palace which yet remained as the last dusky prince had left it. Here Sir Arthur's improving hand had been so far stayed.

Lady Gerardine sat in silence while the ayah brushed her hair. Though no word had passed between them, the woman, inarticulately, as a dog may, felt that her mistress' heart was troubled. And, while her dark fingers moved among the gleaming strands, they trembled a little with a vague anxiety. Jani had been Rosamond's first and only nurse. It was to the faithful breast that had practically given her life that the young widow had clung in the hour of bereavement. This creature, who could not reason but only feel, had been then the sole presence she could endure. To the house of altered fortunes, from comparative poverty into the almost queenly state of Lady Gerardine, the woman had accompanied her mistress, rejoicing; bringing with her the same atmosphere of unreasoning, almost animal, devotion.

How much did she understand, this secret, dark-minded, dark-faced old Hindu? More, perhaps, about her white child than Rosamond knew herself! But her theories of what was good for her mistress had not changed since the days when she had ministered to her with gaudy toys, scraps of gilt paper and luscious Indian sweets.

……

Sir Arthur's step, the resonant step of the master, rang on the marble without. The ayah imperturbably continued to wield her brush. The faint tension that came over Lady Gerardine's figure was familiar to her, but evoked no sympathy; children and women know not what is their real good, in the Hindu's opinion; the Lieutenant-Governor was a great and good lord, and her Ladyship's jewels were even nobler than the Ranee's.

"Tired, Rosamond?" cried Sir Arthur breezily. "I was sorry, my dear, that you could not wait to bid good-night to our guests. But I made it all right; I made it all right. Another time, love, you will consult me before retiring. Governor's wife, you know . . . *noblesse oblige*, eh? Well, well, let it pass! My dear child, the garden window open upon you, at this hour! We shall have you down with fever as sure as fate." He clucked disapprovingly. "Will you never learn sense?"

Rosamond stood up.

"Pull the blinds, Jani."

She came forward into the centre of the room, so strange a presence, with the long yellow tresses, the white skin, the tall proportions of her northern womanhood, in this haunt of Oriental splendor, still peopled, one would think, with the small ghosts of bygone brown beauties.

Through the door left open by Sir Arthur the sound of the fountain playing in the great inner baths fell soothingly on the ear. A breeze gently swayed the scented matting blinds to and fro and brought in gusts of Eastern airs to their nostrils, spiced, heavy, dreamy. From below, where lay the town, rose rumors of revel—the poignant twang of the gittern, the plaint of the reed, the dry sob of the tom-tom. The whole atmosphere within and without was an appeal to the emotions, to the senses; the very touch of the night wind a velvet-soft caress. A night, surely, when but to be alive was in itself a boon; when to be young and beautiful should mean joy. The appeal of it clamored to Rosamond Gerardine's dormant soul, troubled this day to the core of its self-imposed slumber by the insistent voices of the past. She turned cold with a stony prescience of evil. If she might not sleep through life, then must she wish herself dead.

"I am very tired," she said to her husband, with a note of unconscious pleading in her voice. "I am going to bed; excuse me to all our guests."

"Oh, every one has gone!" said the Lieutenant-Governor.

He threw himself luxuriously upon the settee and stretched his arms over the piled cushions with the gesture of the man at home in his wife's room.

"Sit here, dear."

She took place beside him. He lifted a coil of her hair and played with it admiringly. The ayah drew back into the arched

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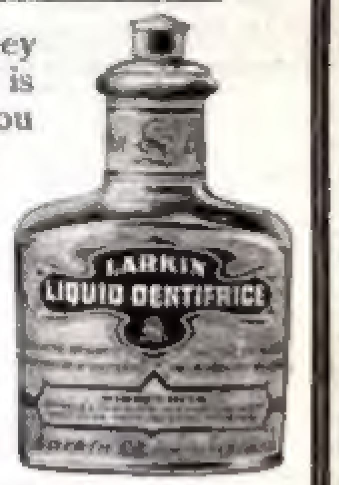

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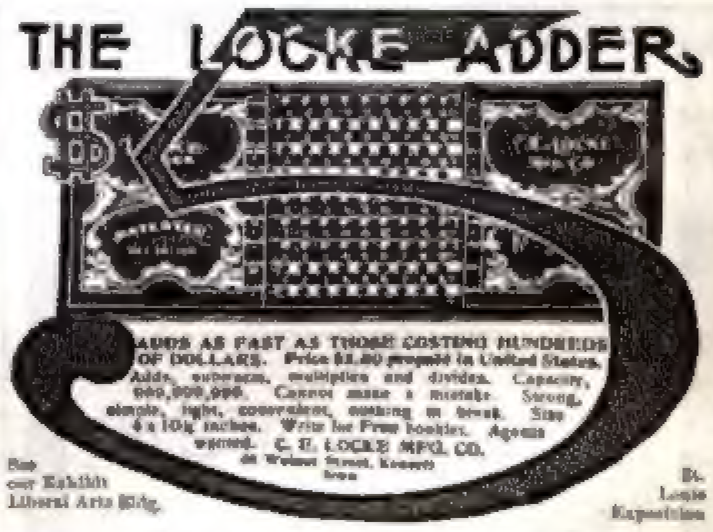

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recess of the window and stood immobile, the silver brush gleaming in her dark hand.

"Bethune tells me, Rosamond," said Sir Arthur, rolling the soft hair round his finger, "that he wants you to help him with a life of poor English." Rosamond looked at her husband; the light of pleading in her eyes died down into dull misery. "I understand, dear, that you have made some objection; but, as I have said to him, it is our duty, my dear Rosamond, our duty, to see that the memory of the poor fellow should get proper recognition. A very distinguished young soldier," said Sir Arthur with benevolence; "it would certainly ill become me to put any difficulty in the way. So I have promised ——"

She started away from him with an involuntary movement; the twist of hair in Sir Arthur's fingers plucked her back. She gave a cry:

"Oh, you have hurt me!"

He was full of solicitous apology; kissed her hand, patted her head. But she, still drawing from him, gazed at him with the eyes of a woman in fever.

"You have hurt me," she repeated in a whisper.

"Of course," proceeded her lord and master with fresh gusto, "I can quite understand, dear, that you should shrink a little from the business. It would naturally be a slightly painful one. Your social duties occupy you a good deal, and ——" he tenderly pulled her ear, "you have not much inclination for literary labor, have you? Therefore, my love, overworked as I am, I have resolved to take the matter into my own hands. In fact, I have actually promised Major Bethune that I will be responsible for the task."

"You!"

Her pale lips laughed silently.

"Yes, I myself." He rubbed his hands and nodded. "I shall make the time, my love."

"You?" she repeated, and rose stiffly to her feet. "No."

"My dear Rosamond!"

It had come upon her, after all. Here would no refusal serve her any more, no strength of determination, no piteousness of pleading. Before this smiling self-confidence of will what resistance could avail? It is the relentless trickle that wears the stone.

"No hands but mine, at least. No eyes but mine!"

"My dear child!"

"One would have thought that my wishes would be paramount in the matter; but you drive me, all of you. Have your way."

"You amaze me — this is childish, unreasonable!"

She stared vacantly before her.

"Kismet!" she said. "It is fate — I will do it."

"I have never heard such nonsense in my life."

"But at least" — her eyes shot flame upon him — "let no one talk of laying a hand upon these things. They, at least, are mine!"

Sir Arthur rose also, too bewildered to be able to grasp the full measure of the offense.

"You are certainly very strange to-night, Rosamond," he exclaimed with testy anxiousness. "Not yourself at all. I feel convinced you have a touch of fever."

He stretched out his fingers for her pulse. Quickly she evaded his touch.

"Write to that man," she said, enunciating her words with painful distinctness; "tell him that he has gained his point."

Ignoring the unbecoming and extraordinary situation of having a command issued to himself in such imperious tones from his wife's lips, Sir Arthur moved in high dudgeon toward the door.

"I insist upon your taking an effervescing draft at once. And to-morrow I shall certainly call in Saunders to see you. Jani, your mistress must go to bed."

The door fell back. Rosamond sank down once more on the settee and sat, with her elbows on her knees, her chin on her clasped hands, staring at the marble floor, long, long into the night, while Jani waited and never even moved a finger.

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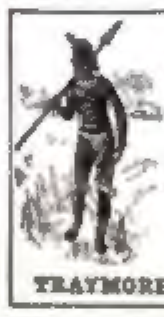

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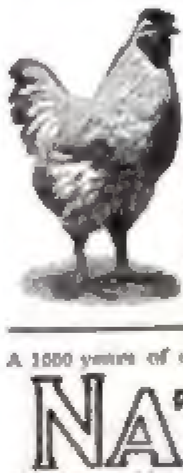

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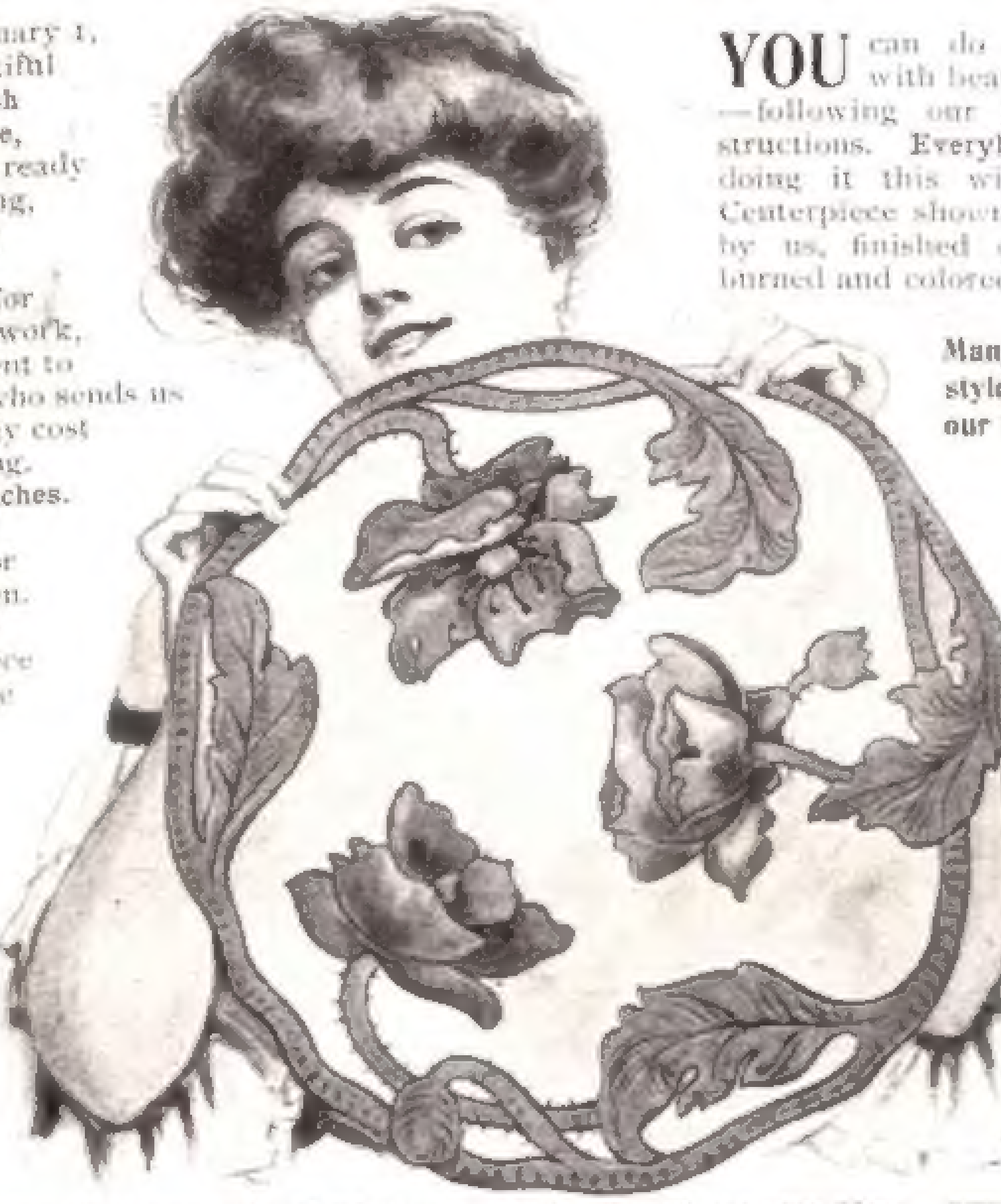

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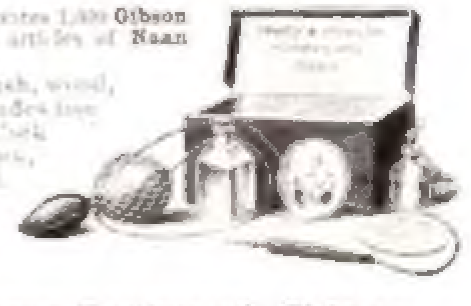

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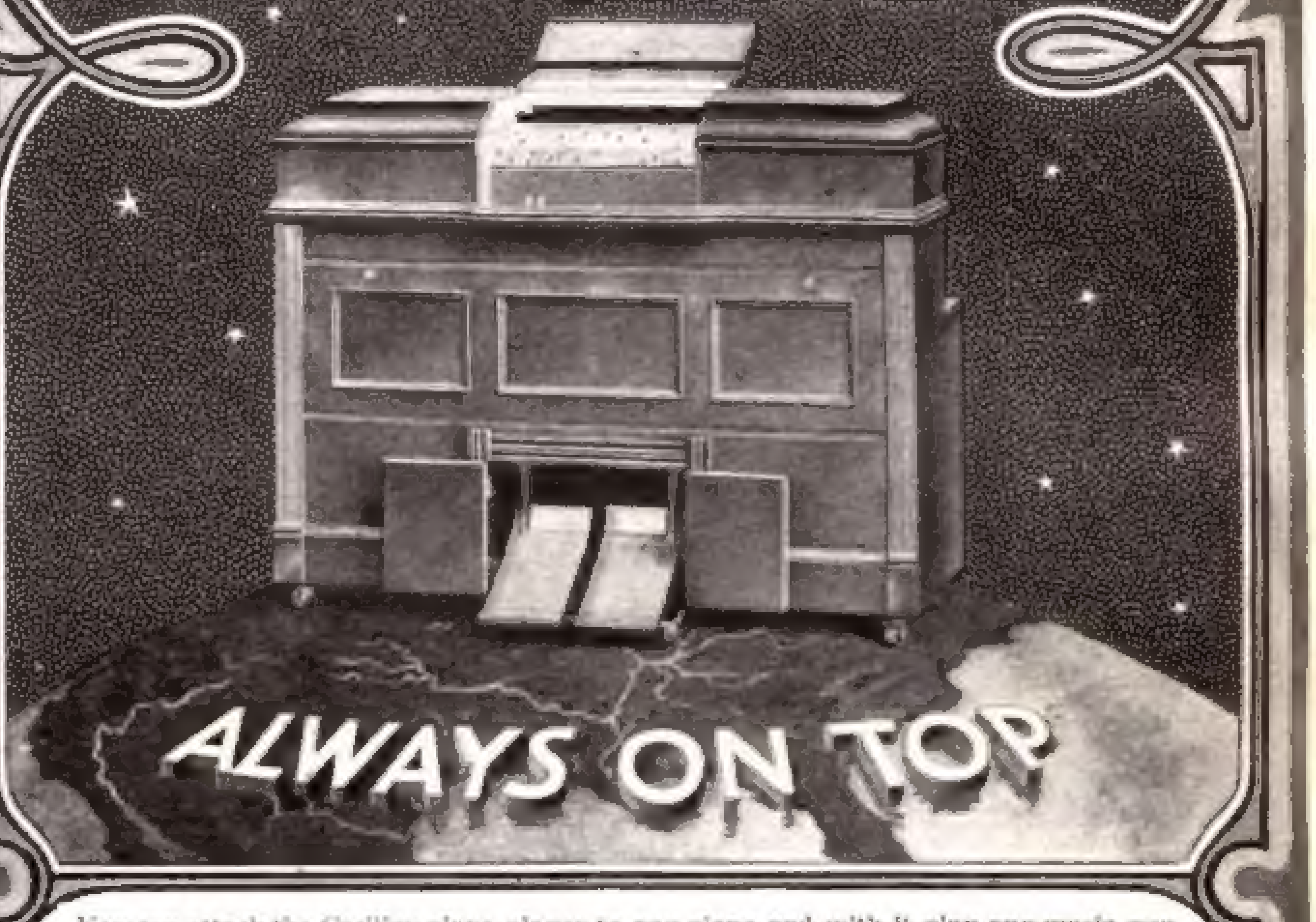

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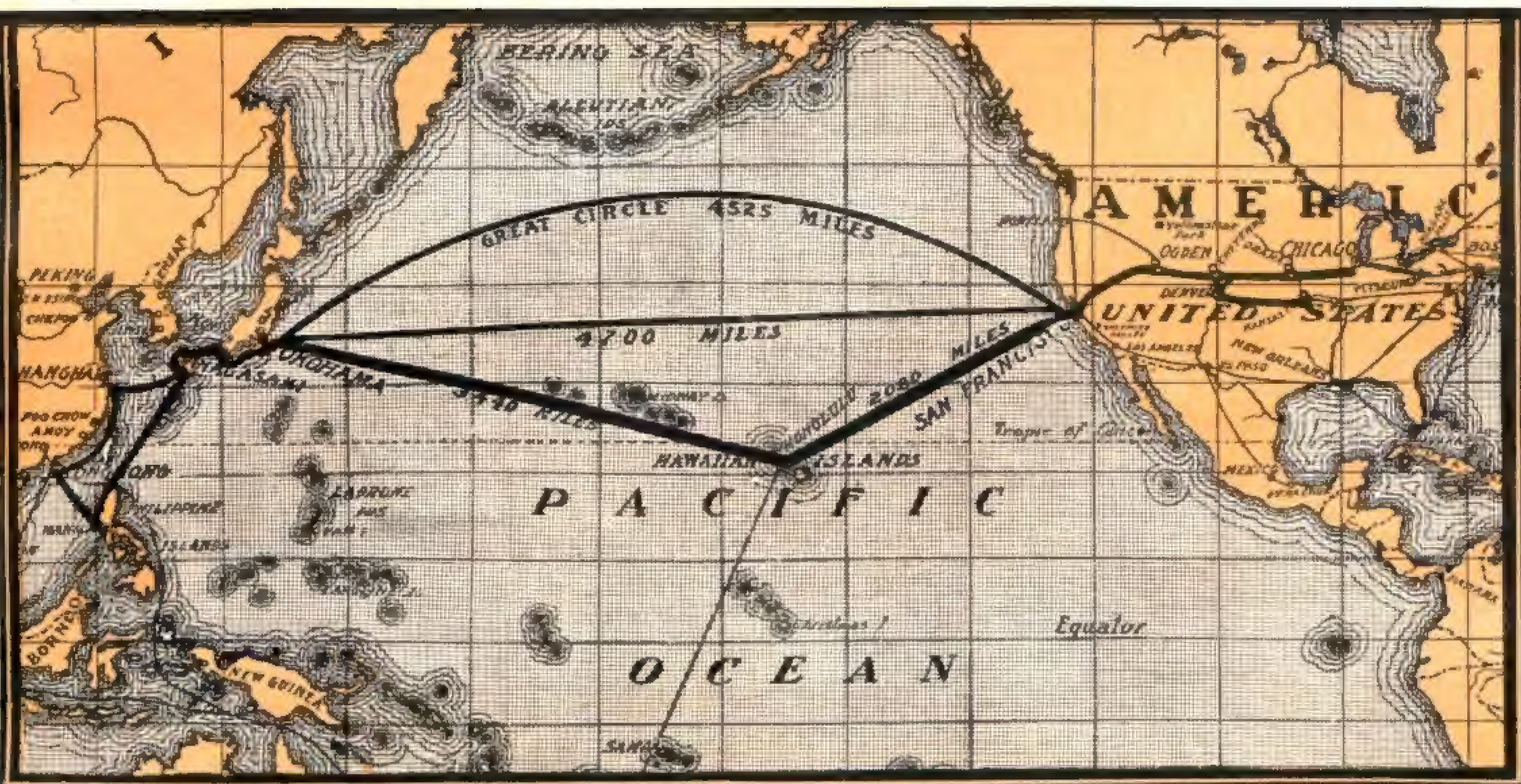
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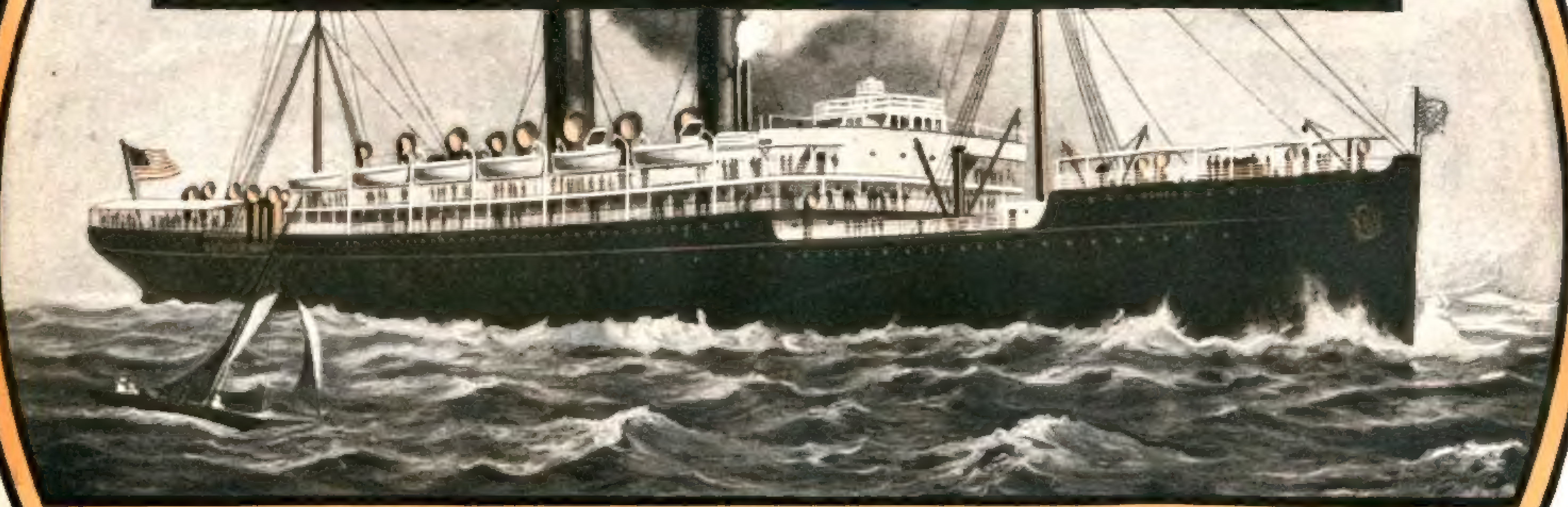

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